NO. 4

ANIMAL FABLES

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

ALL PAGES IN FULL COLOR 10¢

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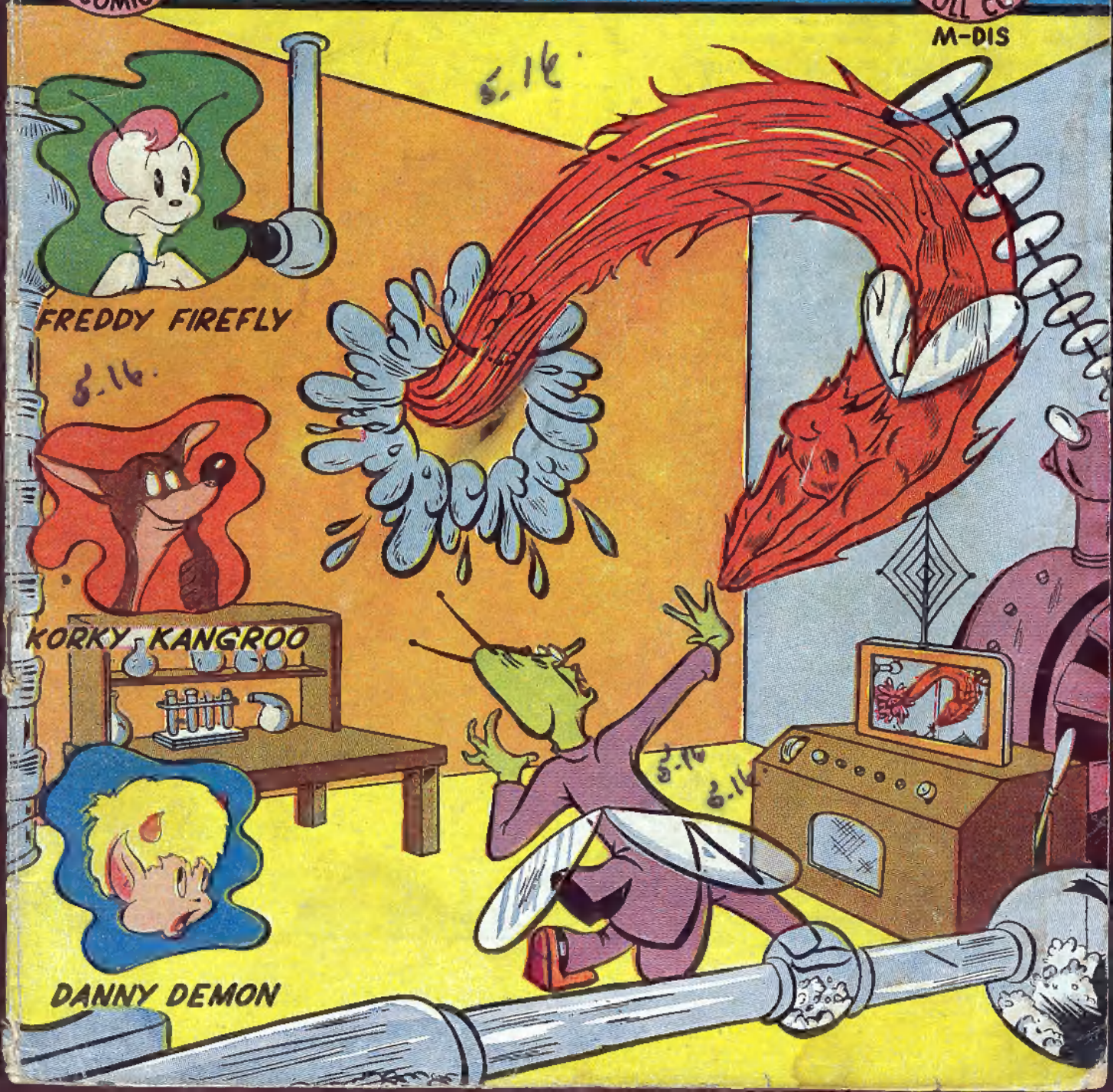

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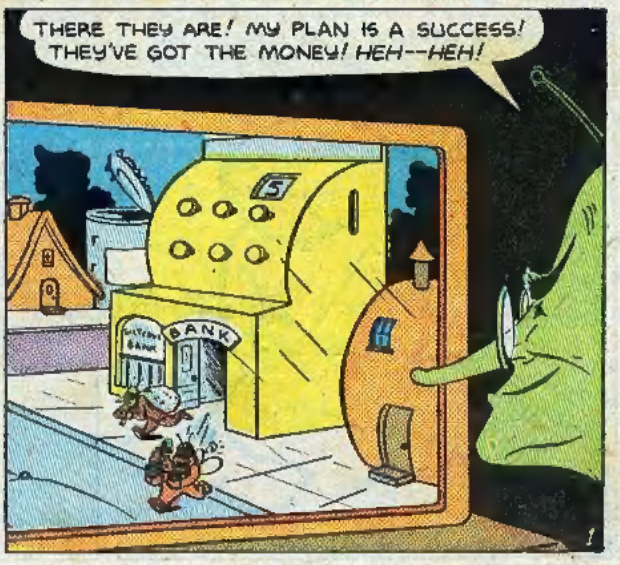
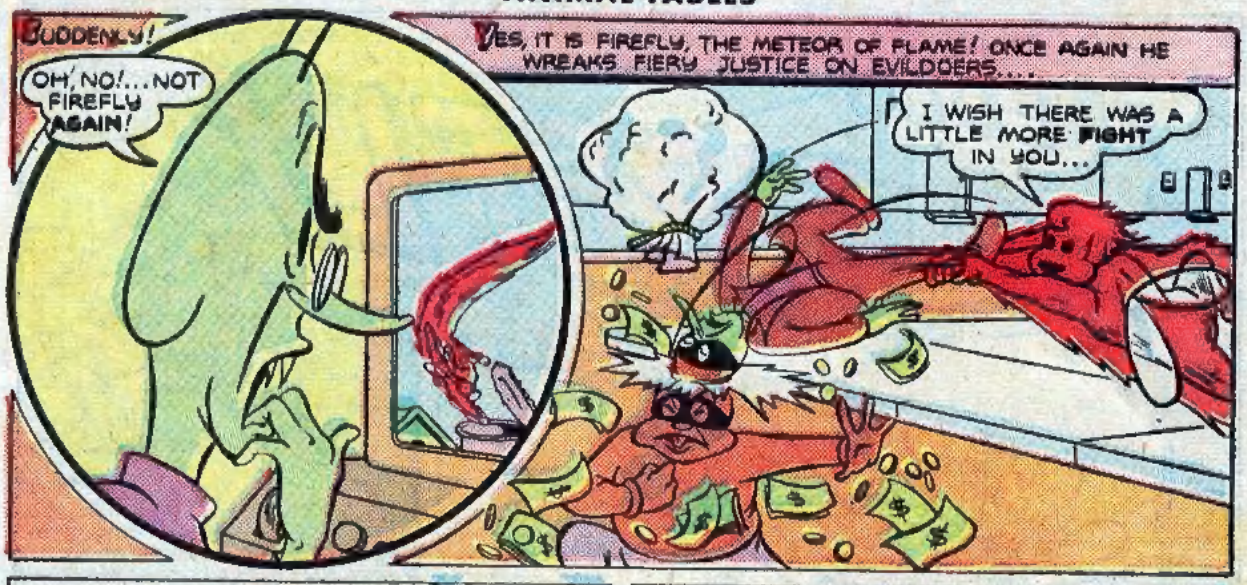
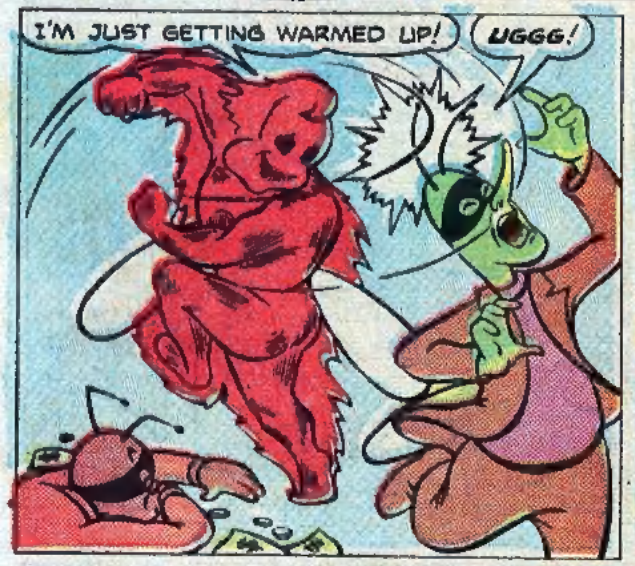
FREDDY FIREFLY

MEETS PROFESSOR MANTIS

OH, HORRORS! IT'S FIREFLY!!

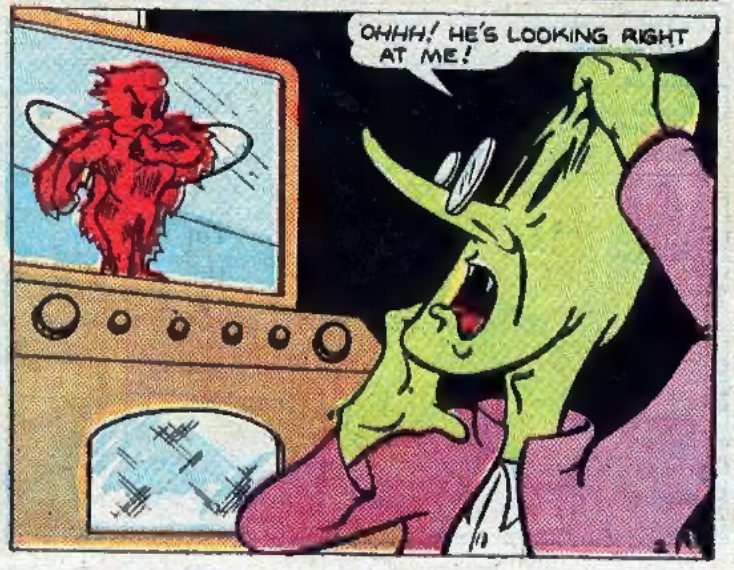



SUDDENLY!
OH, NO!...NOT FIREFLY AGAIN!
YES, IT IS FIREFLY, THE METEOR OF FLAME! ONCE AGAIN HE WREAKS FIERY JUSTICE ON EVILDOERS...
I WISH THERE WAS A LITTLE MORE FIGHT IN YOU...


I'M JUST GETTING WARMED UP!
UGGG!

LET ME SEE NOW! THAT'S THE SEVENTEENTH BANK ROBBERY I'VE FOILED THIS WEEK!

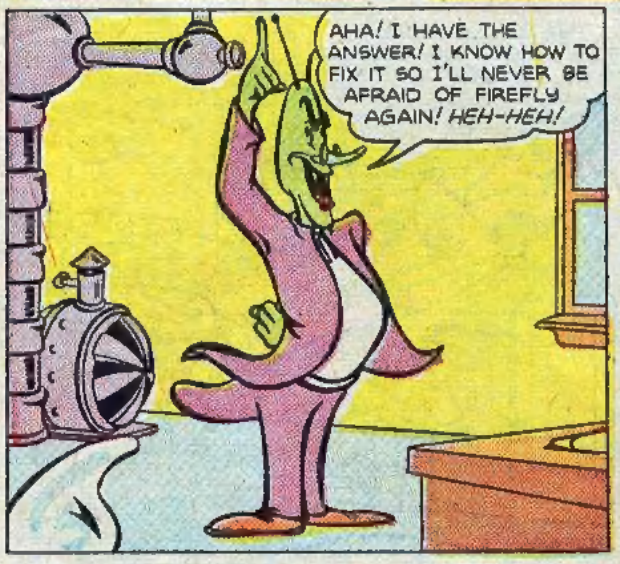
I KNOW THAT EVIL SCOUNDREL, PROFESSOR MANTIS, IS THE CRIMINAL GENIUS BEHIND THIS CRIME WAVE! SOMEDAY I'LL GET MY HANDS ON HIM TOO!

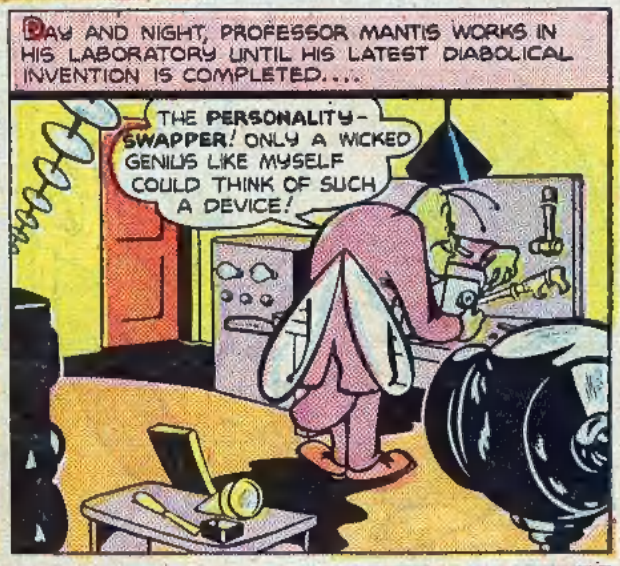

OHHH! HE'S LOOKING RIGHT AT ME!

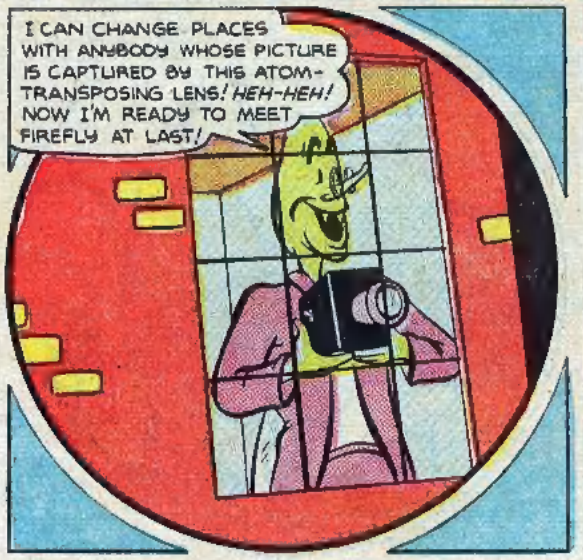
NO, HE CAN'T BE! MY UNIQUE SPATIAL TELEVISOR ENABLES ME TO SEE HIM! BUT HE CAN'T SEE ME!
CLICK

BUT EVEN MY STUPENDOUS SCIENTIFIC GENIUS CANNOT PROTECT ME FROM FIREFLY FOREVER! SOMEDAY HE'LL CATCH UP TO ME! I SHUDDER TO THINK OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN THEN....

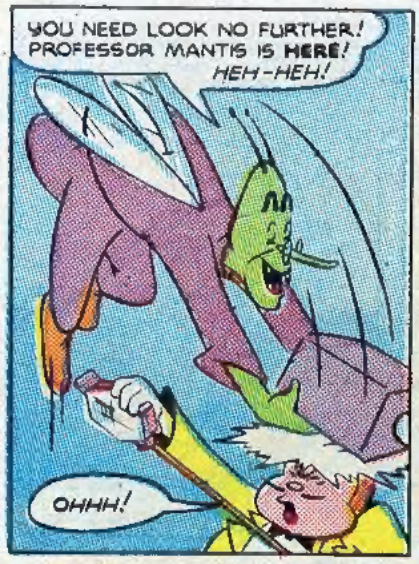
IS THERE NO WAY TO DEFEAT THAT FLAMING TERROR? HOW CAN I EVER BECOME EMPEROR OF THE INSECT WORLD WHILE FIREFLY IS AROUND TO INTEFERE WITH MY PLANS?

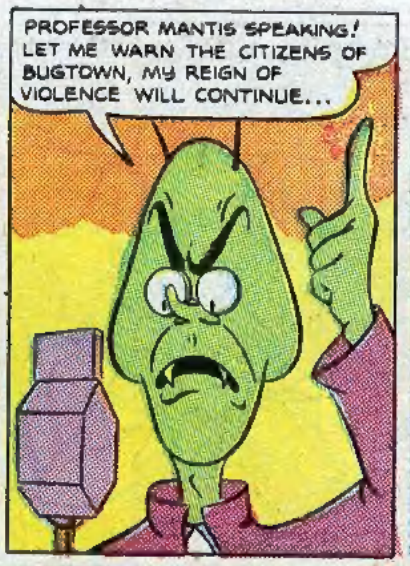

AHA! I HAVE THE ANSWER! I KNOW HOW TO FIX IT SO I'LL NEVER BE AFRAID OF FIREFLY AGAIN! HEH-HEH!


DAY AND NIGHT, PROFESSOR MANTIS WORKS IN HIS LABORATORY UNTIL HIS LATEST DIABOLICAL INVENTION IS COMPLETED....
THE PERSONALITY-SWAPPER! ONLY A WICKED GENIUS LIKE MYSELF COULD THINK OF SUCH A DEVICE!


I CAN CHANGE PLACES WITH ANYBODY WHOSE PICTURE IS CAPTURED BY THIS ATOM-TRANSPOSING LENS! HEH-HEH! NOW I'M READY TO MEET FIREFLY AT LAST!

LATER AT A BUGTOWN RADIO STATION...
POLICE ARE STILL LOOKING FOR THE EVIL PROFESSOR MANTIS, BELIEVED TO BE THE MASTER-MIND BEHIND THE RECENT CRIME WAVE THAT HAS STRUCK OUR CITY...

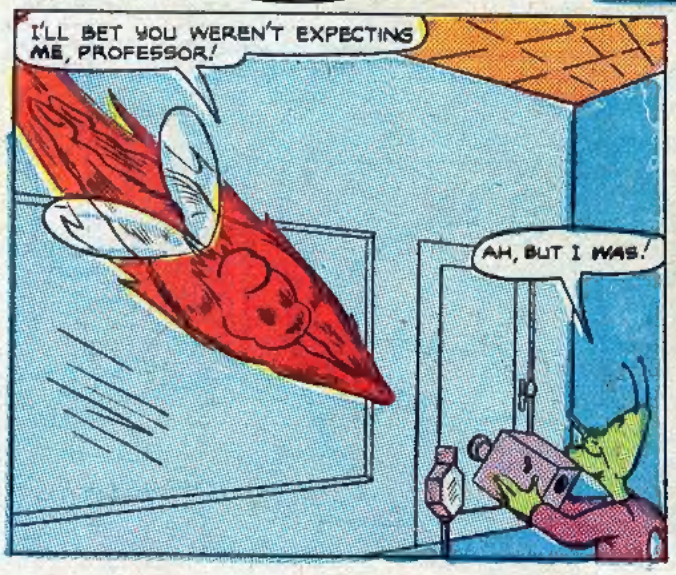

YOU NEED LOOK NO FURTHER! PROFESSOR MANTIS IS HERE! HEH-HEH!
OHHH!


PROFESSOR MANTIS SPEAKING! LET ME WARN THE CITIZENS OF BUGTOWN, MY REIGN OF VIOLENCE WILL CONTINUE...

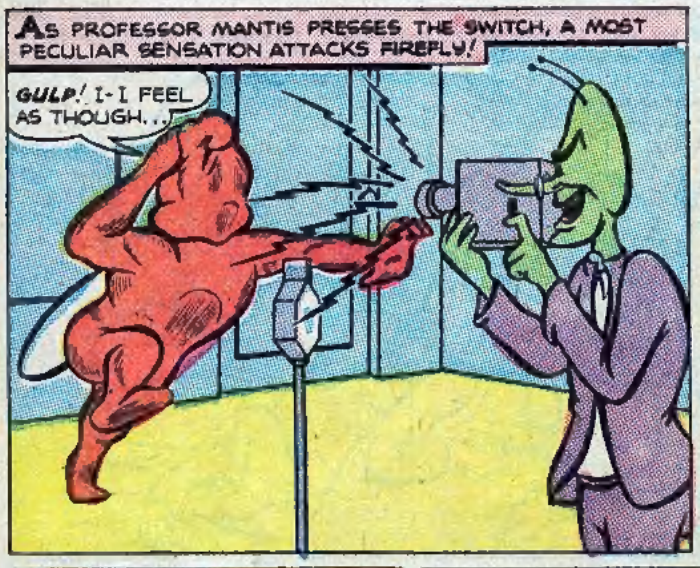
...UNTIL BUGTOWN IS WILLING TO ACCEPT ME AS DICTATOR! NO ONE CAN STOP ME! NOT EVEN FIREFLY!
THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!

FREDDY SAYS THE MAGIC WORDS THAT TRANSFORM HIM INTO FIREFLY!
TAKE FIRE!

I'LL PUT AN END TO HIS EVIL CAREER!
BE CAREFUL! PROFESSOR MANTIS IS TRICKY!


I'LL BET YOU WEREN'T EXPECTING ME, PROFESSOR!
AH, BUT I WAS!

IN FACT, THIS WAS ALL PREARRANGED SO I COULD MEET YOU! NOW LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MY PERSONALITY-SWAPPER!
CLICK!


AS PROFESSOR MANTIS PRESSES THE SWITCH, A MOST PECULIAR SENSATION ATTACKS FIREFLY!
GULP! I-I FEEL AS THOUGH...

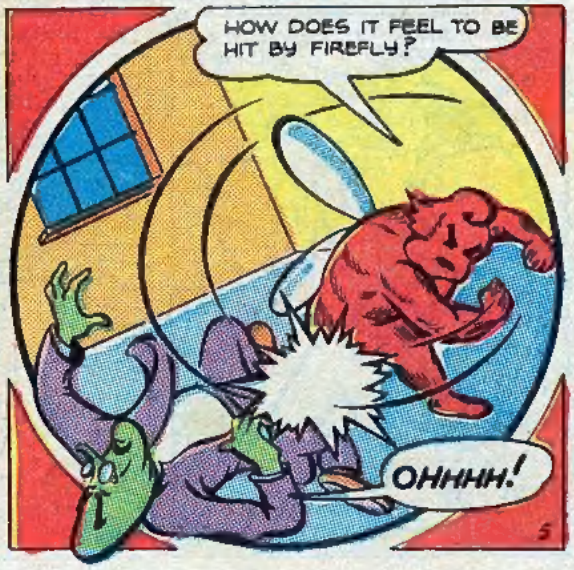
AN INSTANT LATER, FIREFLY FINDS HIMSELF INSIDE THE BODY OF PROFESSOR MANTIS!
WHAT A STRANGE FEELING! FOR A SECOND I THOUGHT I WAS BEING PULLED OUT OF MY OWN BODY!

BUT THAT'S RIDICULOUS... ULP!

JUMPIN' JUPITER! I'M NOT FIREFLY ANY LONGER! I'M PROFESSOR MANTIS!
HEH-HEH!

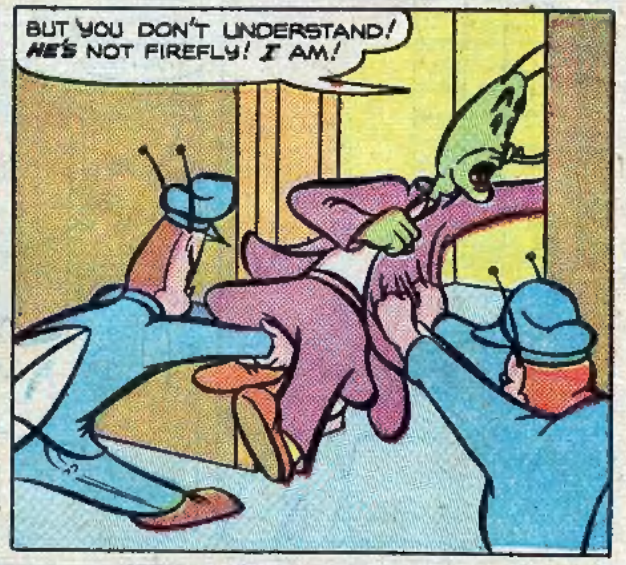
FIREFLY...ER I MEAN... YOU'RE PROFESSOR MANTIS!
EXACTLY! HEH-HEH! I'VE TAKEN POSSESSION OF YOUR BODY, FIREFLY!

YOU FIEND! GIVE ME BACK MY BODY!
HEH-HEH!


HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE HIT BY FIREFLY?
OHHHH!

AH! THE POLICE HAVE ARRIVED!
WE HEARD PROFESSOR MANTIS' BROADCAST AND CAME OVER AS SOON AS WE COULD!
THERE'S YOUR CULPRIT!

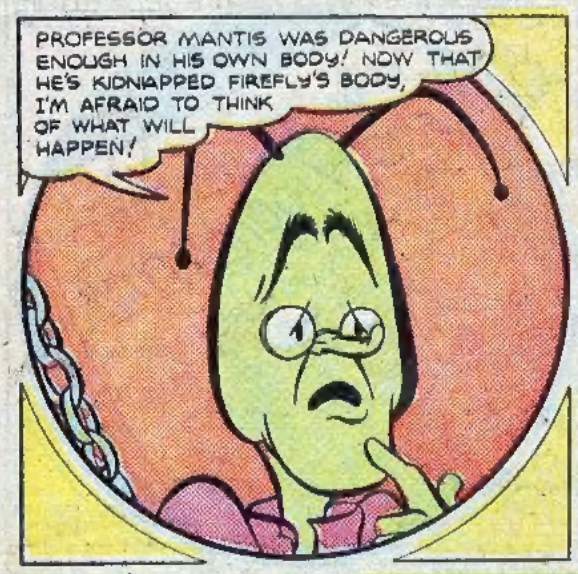
HE'S A DANGEROUS CHARACTER! TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM!
WE WILL, FIREFLY!

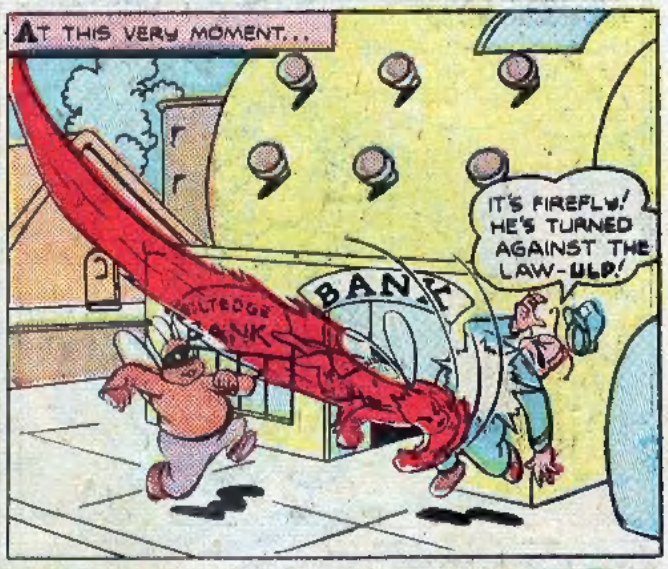

BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! HE'S NOT FIREFLY! I AM!

OH, SO YOU'RE FIREFLY, EH, PROFESSOR?
NUTTY AS A SQUIRREL'S CAGE! I SUPPOSE THAT FELLOW IN THERE IS REALLY PROFESSOR MANTIS!

THAT'S RIGHT! HE IS!
SURE...AND I'M THE SECOND COUSIN TO THE QUEEN OF SHEBA! COME WITH ME PROFESSOR!

OH, DEAR! HOW WILL I EVER CONVINCE THEM THAT I'M FIREFLY? I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE MYSELF!

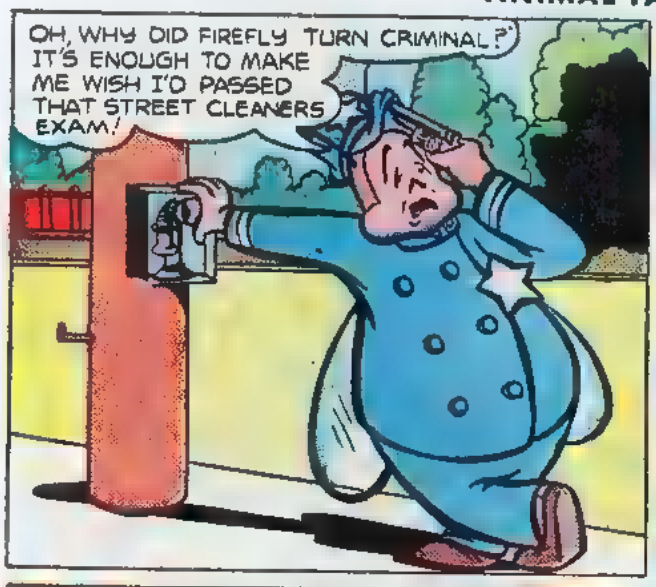

PROFESSOR MANTIS WAS DANGEROUS ENOUGH IN HIS OWN BODY! NOW THAT HE'S KIDNAPPED FIREFLY'S BODY, I'M AFRAID TO THINK OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN!


AT THIS VERY MOMENT...
IT'S FIREFLY! HE'S TURNED AGAINST THE LAW-ULP!
BANK

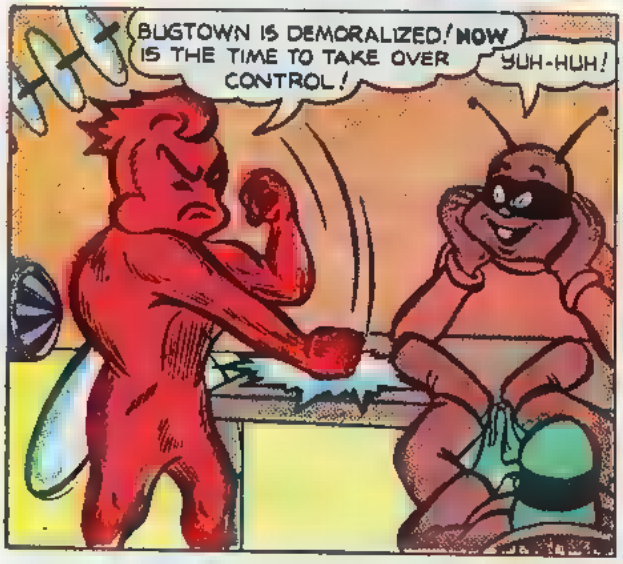
IT'LL TAKE A LONG TIME TO GET INSIDE THE VAULT!
LEAVE THAT TO ME! I'LL BURN MY WAY THROUGH!

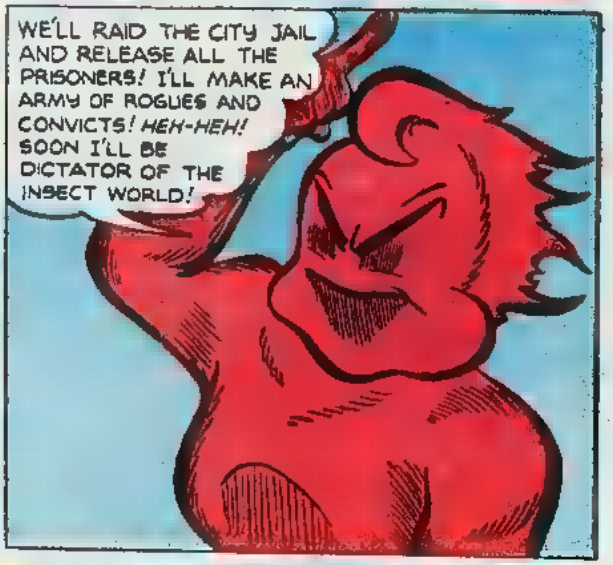
SOLID STEEL CANNOT RESIST THE SCORCHING FLAME OF FIREFLY!

IT SURE PAYS TO HAVE FIREFLY ON OUR SIDE!
A FORTUNE IN SILVER BULLION! HEH-HEH!
LATER, AT A SWANK JEWELRY STORE...
HEH-HEH!
ELITE
IT'S NO USE SHOOTING AT HIM! THE BULLETS JUST MELT BEFORE THEY CAN HURT HIM!

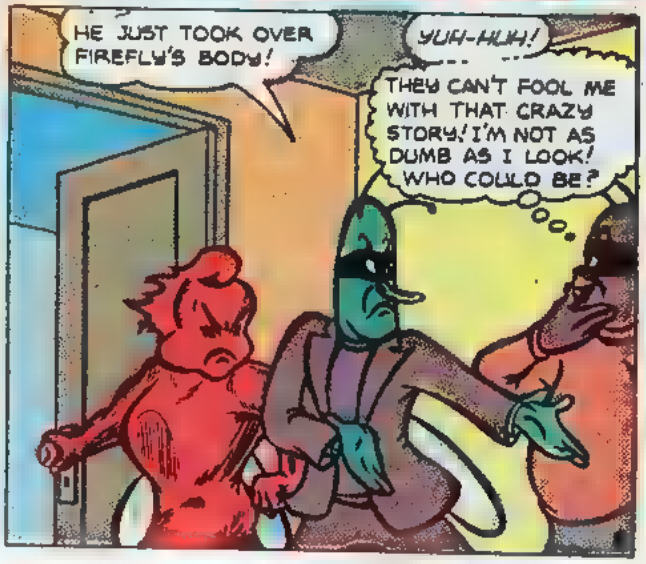

OH, WHY DID FIREFLY TURN CRIMINAL? IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE ME WISH I'D PASSED THAT STREET CLEANERS EXAM!

DAILY FLYPAPER
FIREFLY LOOTING CITY!
POLICE UNABLE TO COPE WITH FORMER HERO!

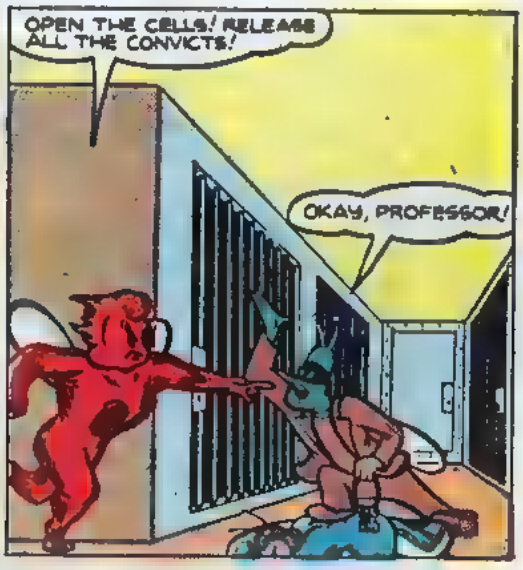

BUGTOWN IS DEMORALIZED! NOW IS THE TIME TO TAKE OVER CONTROL!
YUH-HUH!


WE'LL RAID THE CITY JAIL AND RELEASE ALL THE PRISONERS! I'LL MAKE AN ARMY OF ROGUES AND CONVICTS! HEH-HEH! SOON I'LL BE DICTATOR OF THE INSECT WORLD!

GAWSH! Y'KNOW, SOMETIMES HE SOUNDS JUST LIKE PROFESSOR MANTIS!
YOU DOPE! HE IS PROFESSOR MANTIS!


HE JUST TOOK OVER FIREFLY'S BODY!
YUH-HUH!
THEY CAN'T FOOL ME WITH THAT CRAZY STORY! I'M NOT AS DUMB AS I LOOK! WHO COULD BE?

LATER, AT THE BUGTOWN JAIL...
THIS WAY, MEN!


OPEN THE CELLS! RELEASE ALL THE CONVICTS!
OKAY, PROFESSOR!

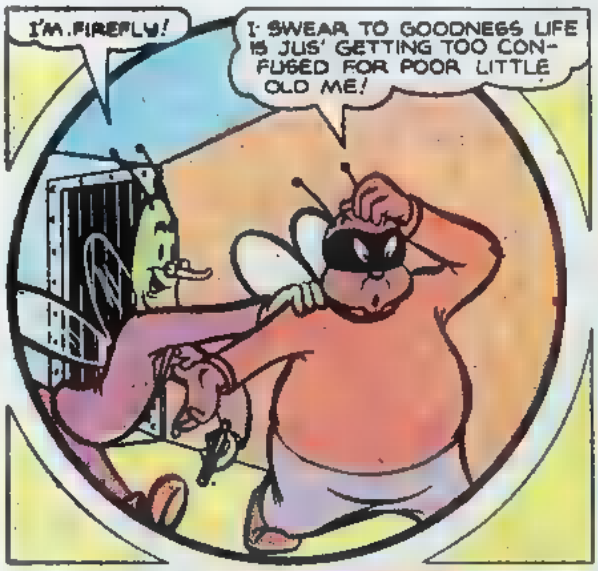
JUMPIN' JUPITER! IT'S A JAILBREAK!

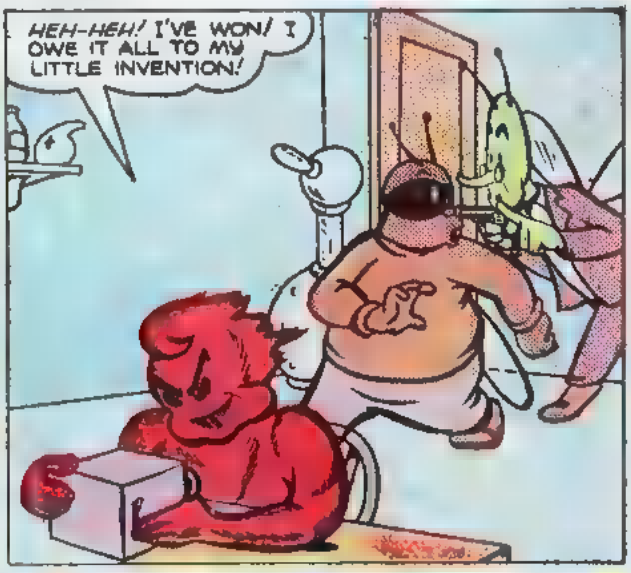
WHY, IT'S PROFESSOR MANTIS!
ER, YES! THAT'S RIGHT! I...UH... AM PROFESSOR MANTIS.

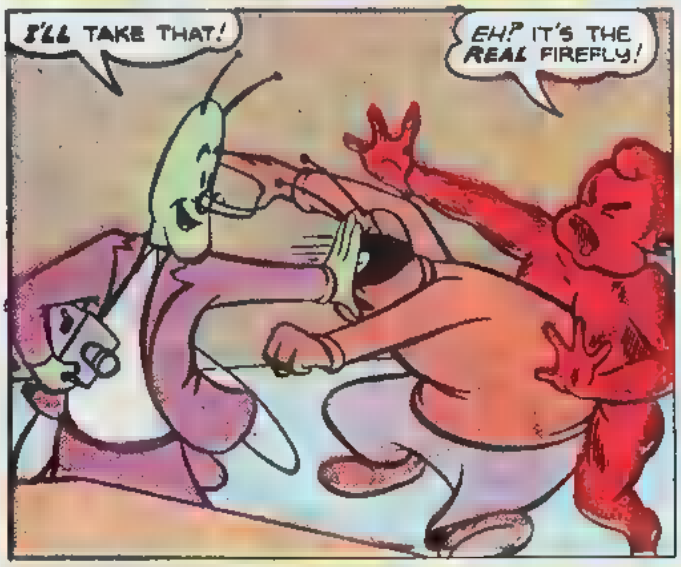
YUH-HUH! I KNEW THAT CRAZY STORY ABOUT YOU BEIN' IN FIREFLY'S BODY COULDN'T BE TRUE!

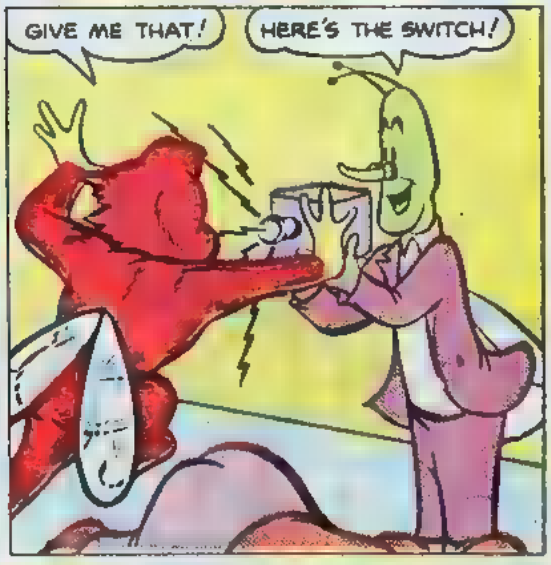
YOU GOTTA GET UP EARLY IN THE MORNIN' TO FOOL ME! YES, SIR!

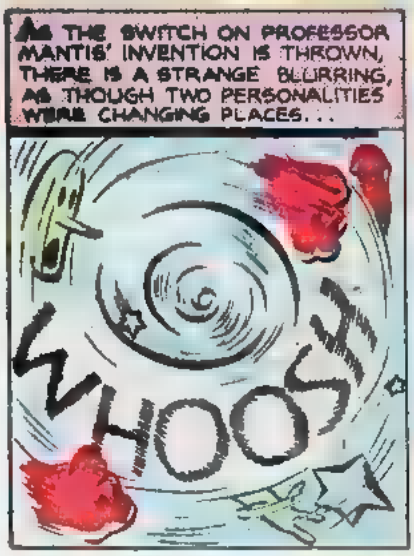
WELL, I'M NOT PROFESSOR MANTIS... MARCH!
ULP! YOU AIN'T PROFESSOR MANTIS!

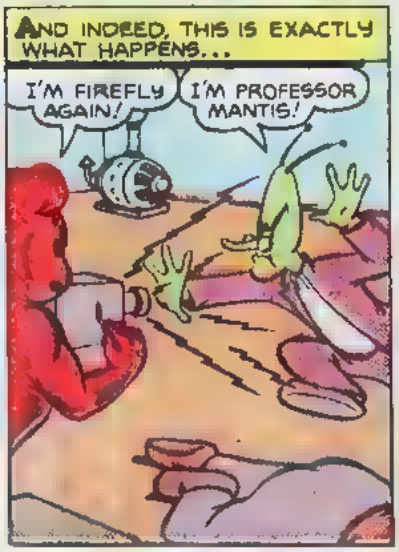

I'M FIREFLY!
I SWEAR TO GOODNESS LIFE IS JUS' GETTING TOO CONFUSED FOR POOR LITTLE OLD ME!

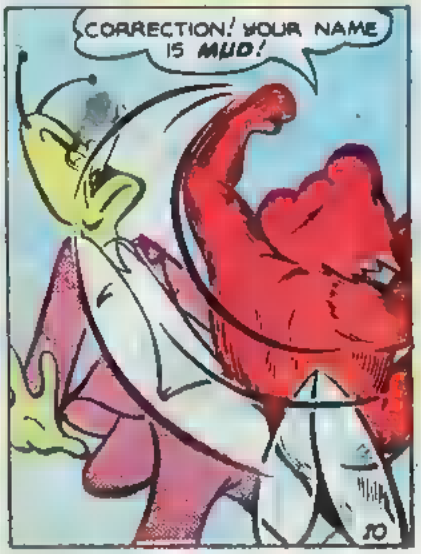

HEH-HEH! I'VE WON! I OWE IT ALL TO MY LITTLE INVENTION!


I'LL TAKE THAT!
EH? IT'S THE REAL FIREFLY!


GIVE ME THAT!
HERE'S THE SWITCH!

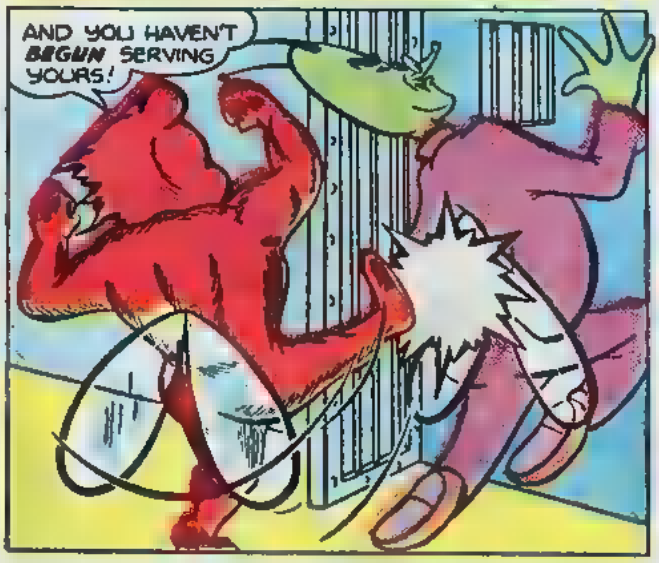

AS THE SWITCH ON PROFESSOR MANTIS' INVENTION IS THROWN, THERE IS A STRANGE BLURRING, AS THOUGH TWO PERSONALITIES WERE CHANGING PLACES...
WHOOSH


AND INDEED, THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENS...
I'M FIREFLY AGAIN!
I'M PROFESSOR MANTIS!

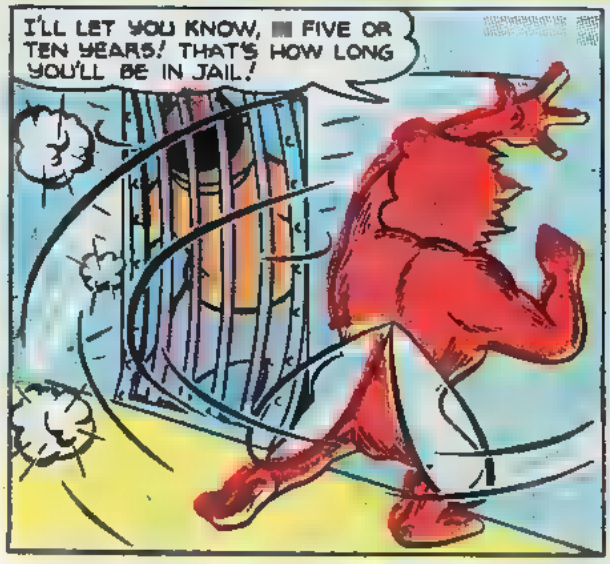

CORRECTION! YOUR NAME IS MUD!

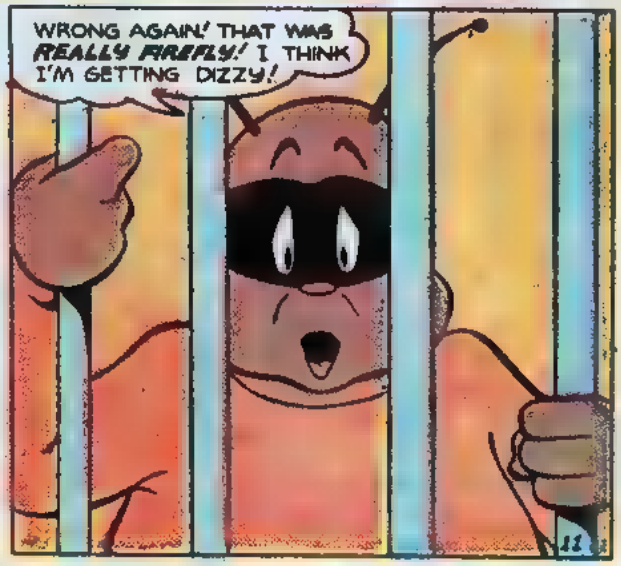
PROFESSOR MANTIS, YOU KNOCKED OUT FIREFLY! I MEAN...UH...FIREFLY KNOCKED OUT...OHHH! I WISH I KNEW WHO I WAS TALKING ABOUT!

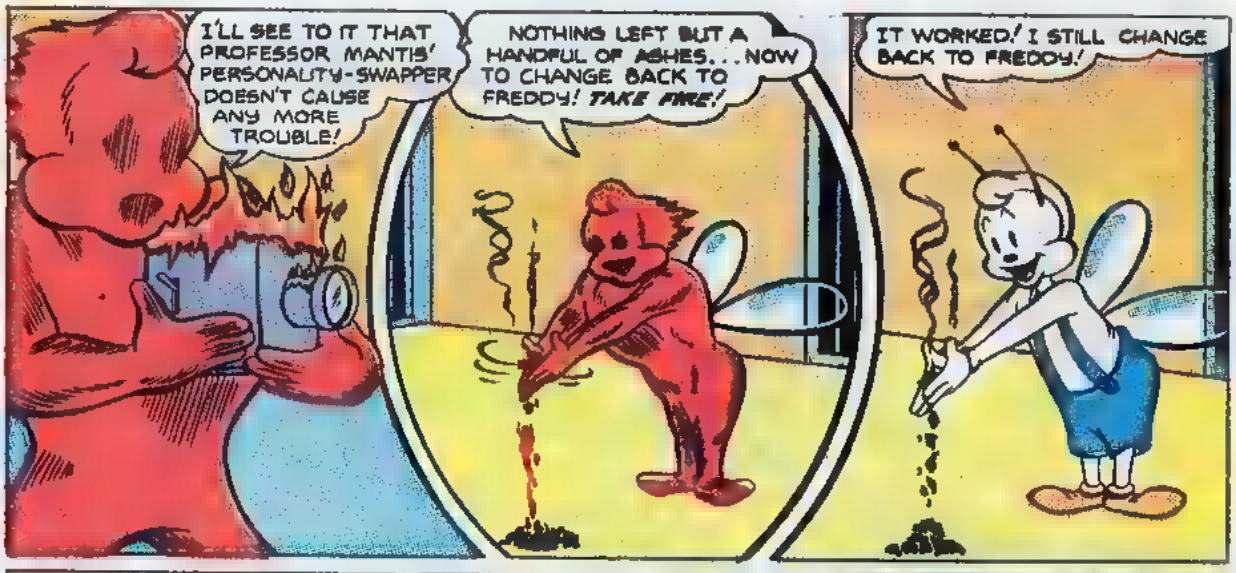
BACK WHERE YOU BELONG! YOU HAVEN'T FINISHED SERVING YOUR SENTENCES!


AND YOU HAVEN'T BEGUN SERVING YOURS!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?
YUH-HUH! I JUST FIGURED OUT THAT YOU'RE REALLY PROFESSOR MANTIS, AFTER ALL! CAN I HELP YA?

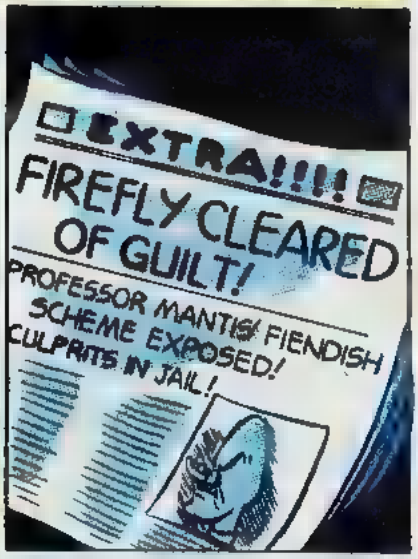

I'LL LET YOU KNOW, FIVE OR TEN YEARS! THAT'S HOW LONG YOU'LL BE IN JAIL!

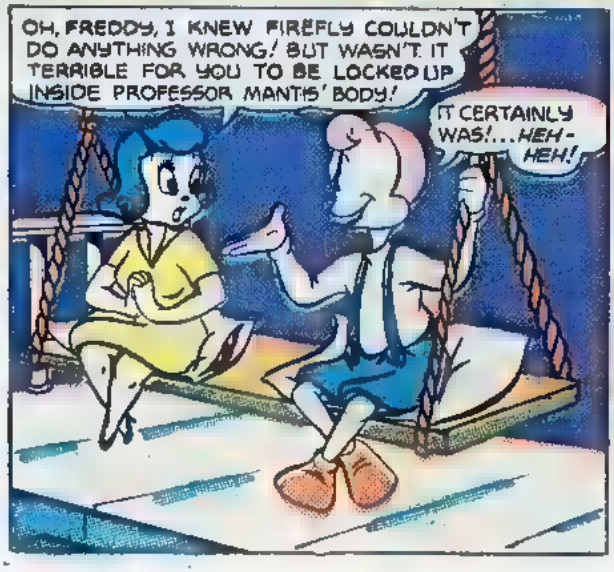

WRONG AGAIN! THAT WAS REALLY FIREFLY! I THINK I'M GETTING DIZZY!

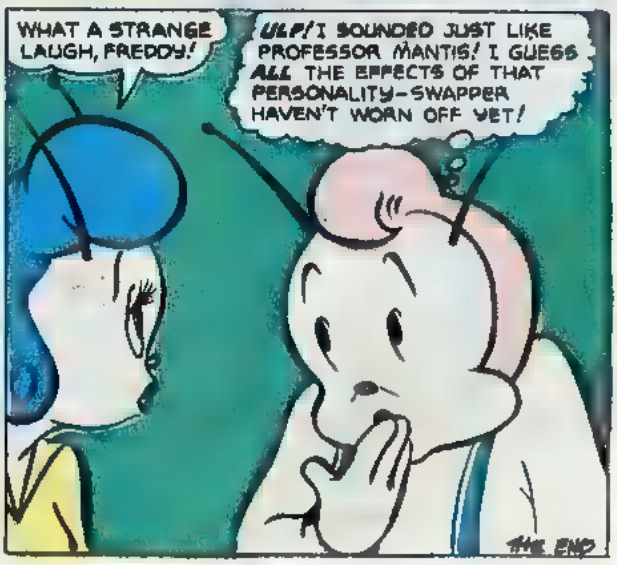

I'LL SEE TO IT THAT PROFESSOR MANTIS' PERSONALITY-SWAPPER DOESN'T CAUSE ANY MORE TROUBLE!
NOTHING LEFT BUT A HANDFUL OF ASHES... NOW TO CHANGE BACK TO FREDDY! TAKE FIRE!
IT WORKED! I STILL CHANGE BACK TO FREDDY!

BUT THAT PERSONALITY-SWAPPER DID STRANGE THINGS! MAYBE I CANT BECOME FIREFLY ANY MORE! ...TAKE FIRE!

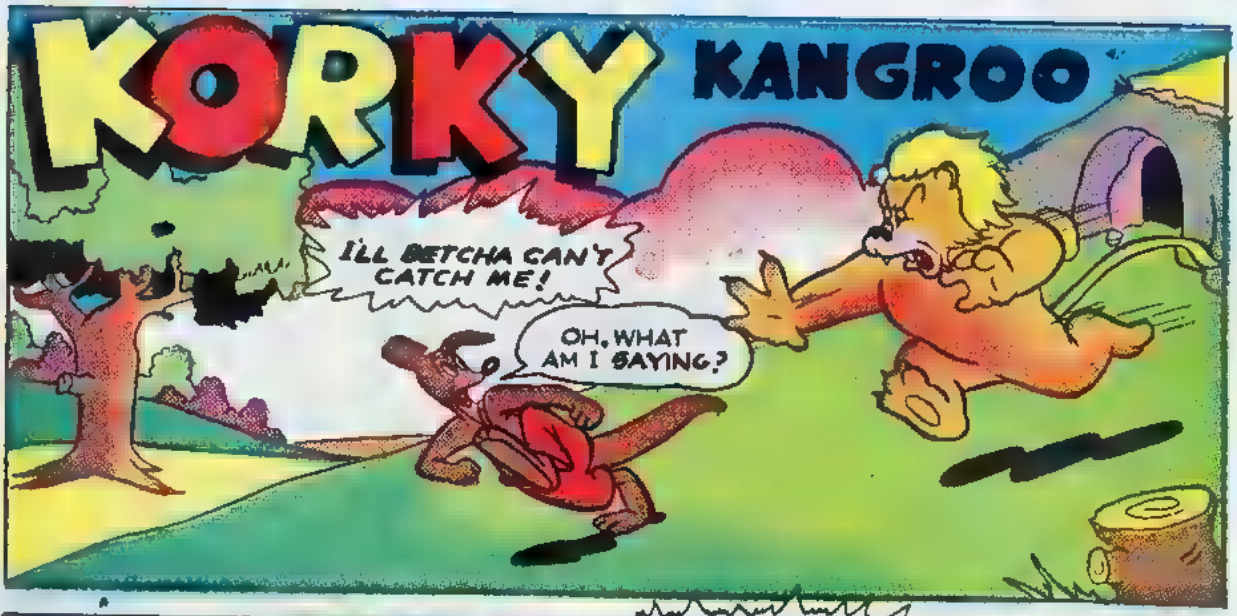
WHE-EW! IT WORKS! FOR A MINUTE I WAS AFRAID I'D TURN INTO PROFESSOR MANTIS!

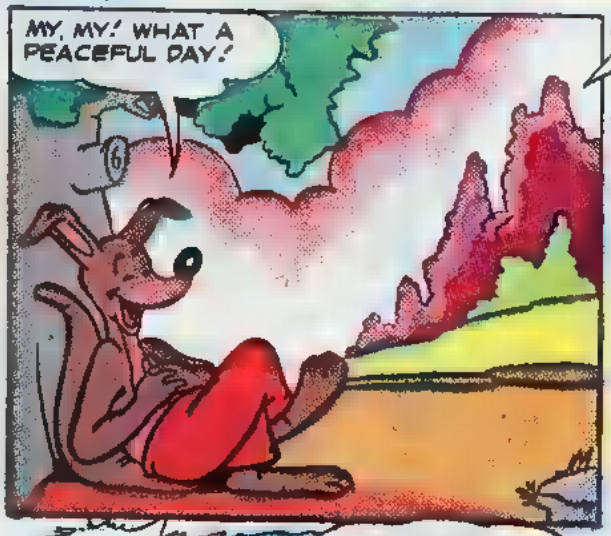

EXTRA!!!!
FIREFLY CLEARED OF GUILT!
PROFESSOR MANTIS' FIENDISH SCHEME EXPOSED!
CULPRITS IN JAIL!

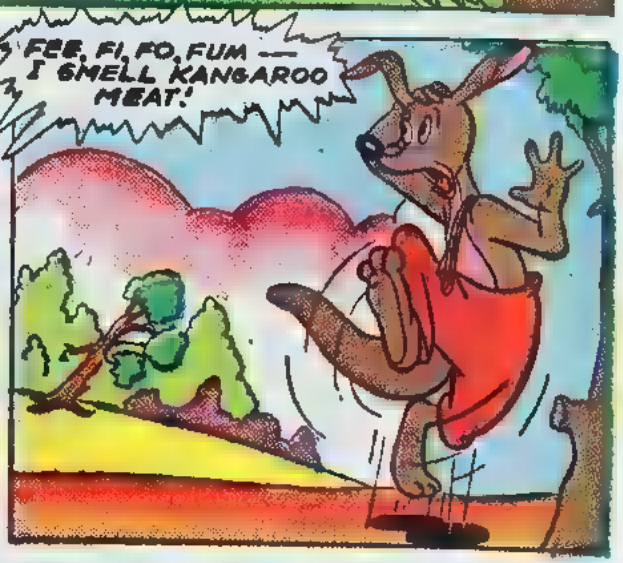

OH, FREDDY, I KNEW FIREFLY COULDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG! BUT WASN'T IT TERRIBLE FOR YOU TO BE LOCKED UP INSIDE PROFESSOR MANTIS' BODY!
IT CERTAINLY WAS!...HEH-HEH!

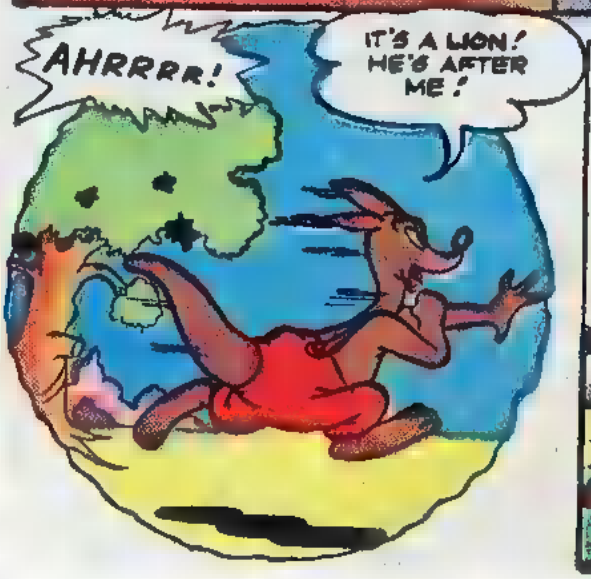

WHAT A STRANGE LAUGH, FREDDY!
ULP! I SOUNDED JUST LIKE PROFESSOR MANTIS! I GUESS ALL THE EFFECTS OF THAT PERSONALITY-SWAPPER HAVEN'T WORN OFF YET!
THE END

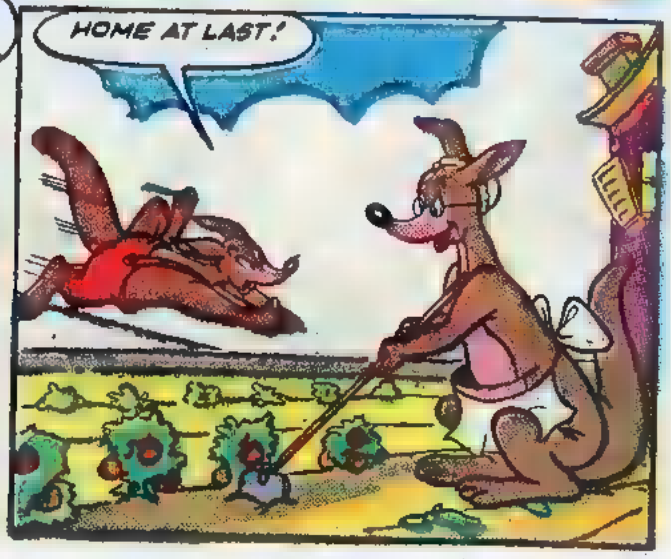
KORKY KANGROO

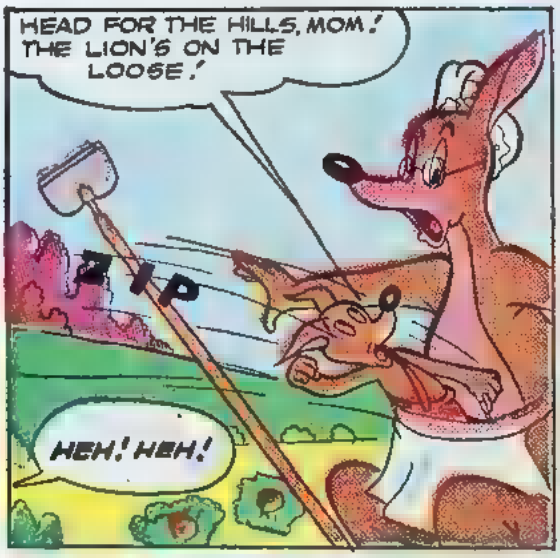


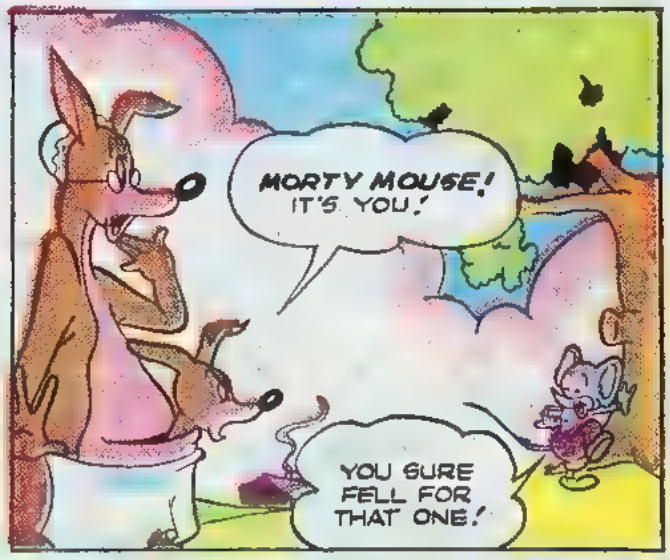


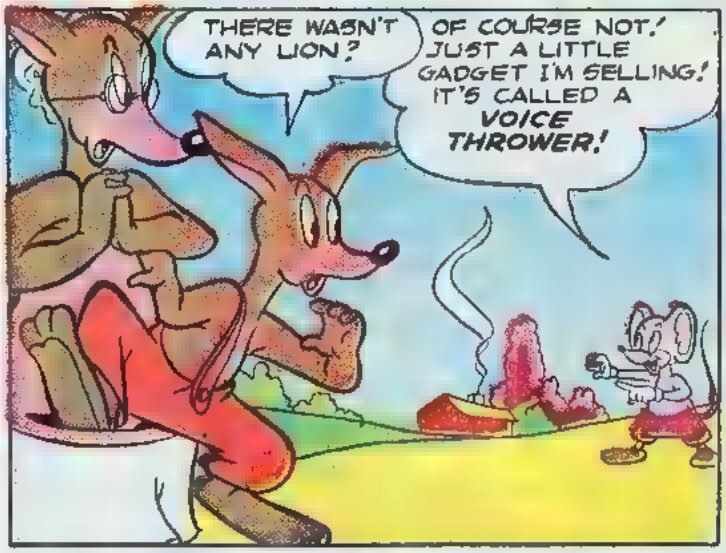


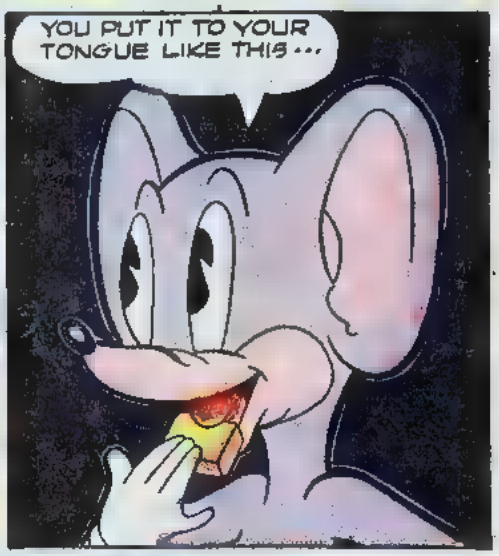


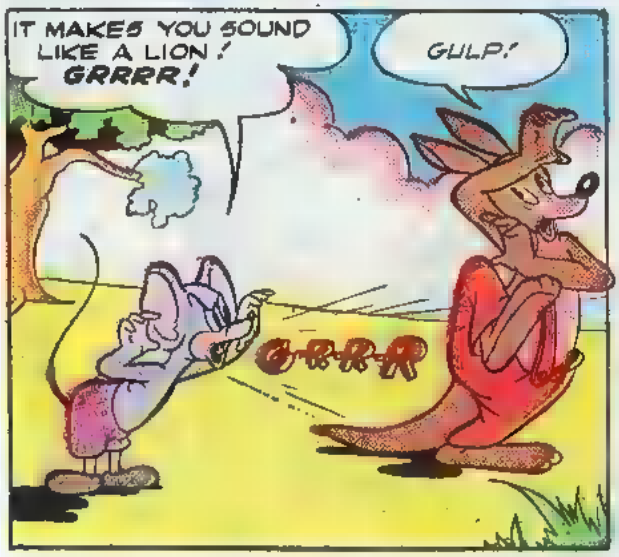


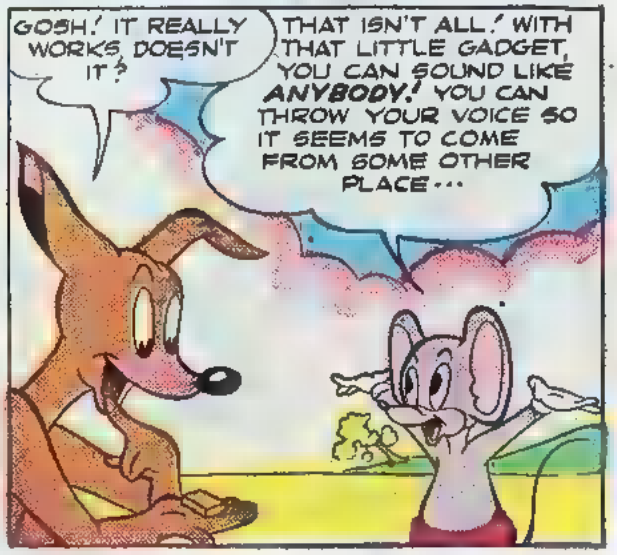

HEAD FOR THE HILLS, MOM! THE LION'S ON THE LOOSE!
ZIP
HEH! HEH!

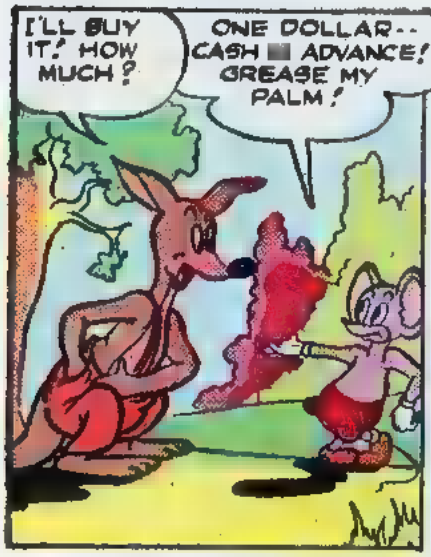

MORTY MOUSE! IT'S YOU!
YOU SURE FELL FOR THAT ONE!


THERE WASN'T ANY LION?
OF COURSE NOT! JUST A LITTLE GADGET I'M SELLING! IT'S CALLED A VOICE THROWER!


YOU PUT IT TO YOUR TONGUE LIKE THIS...

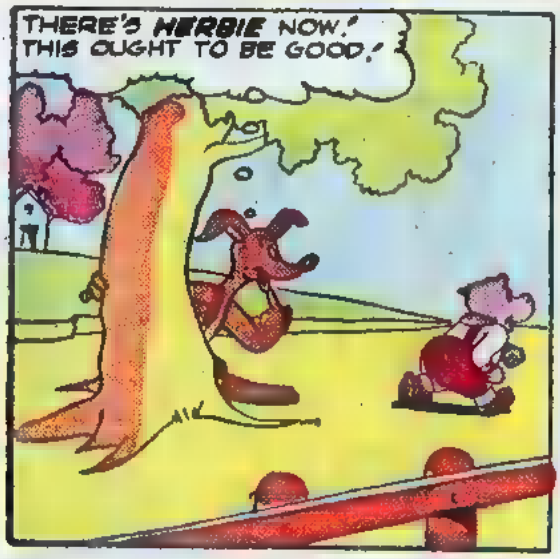

IT MAKES YOU SOUND LIKE A LION! GRRRR!
GULP!
GRRR

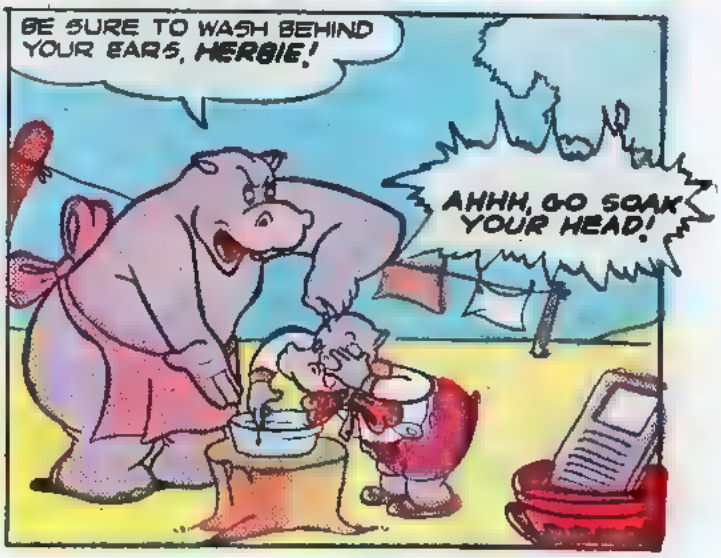

GOSH! IT REALLY WORKS, DOESN'T IT?
THAT ISN'T ALL! WITH THAT LITTLE GADGET, YOU CAN SOUND LIKE ANYBODY! YOU CAN THROW YOUR VOICE SO IT SEEMS TO COME FROM SOME OTHER PLACE...

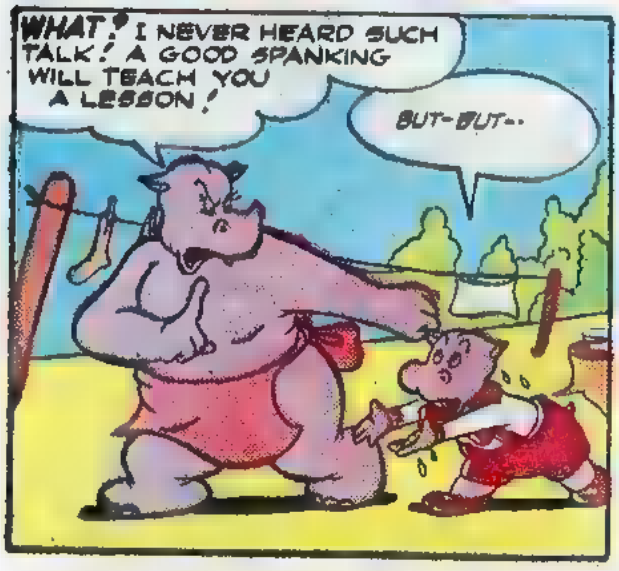

I'LL BUY IT! HOW MUCH?
ONE DOLLAR-- CASH IN ADVANCE! GREASE MY PALM!

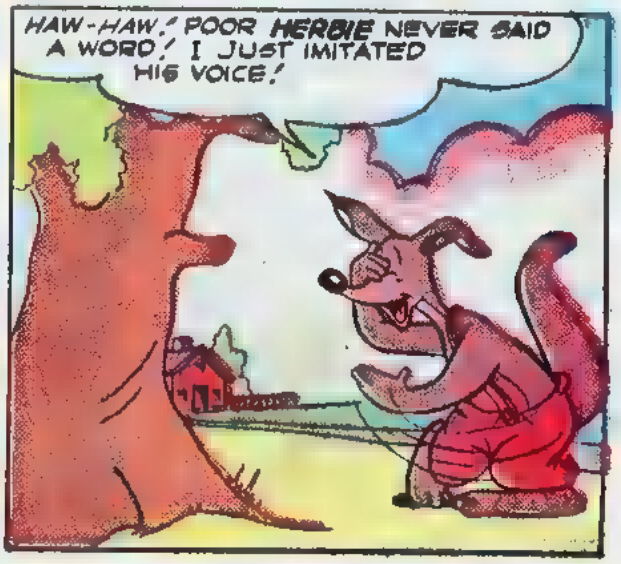
HERE YOU ARE! IT'S CHEAP AT THAT PRICE!

JUST WAIT TILL I TRY THIS ON HERBIE HIPPO! HAW-HAW!


THERE'S HERBIE NOW! THIS OUGHT TO BE GOOD!

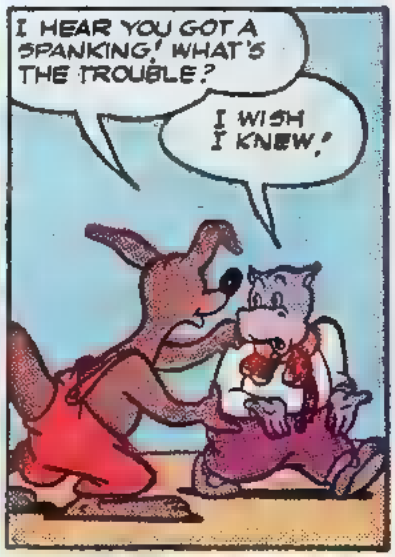

BE SURE TO WASH BEHIND YOUR EARS, HERBIE!
AHHH, GO SOAK YOUR HEAD!

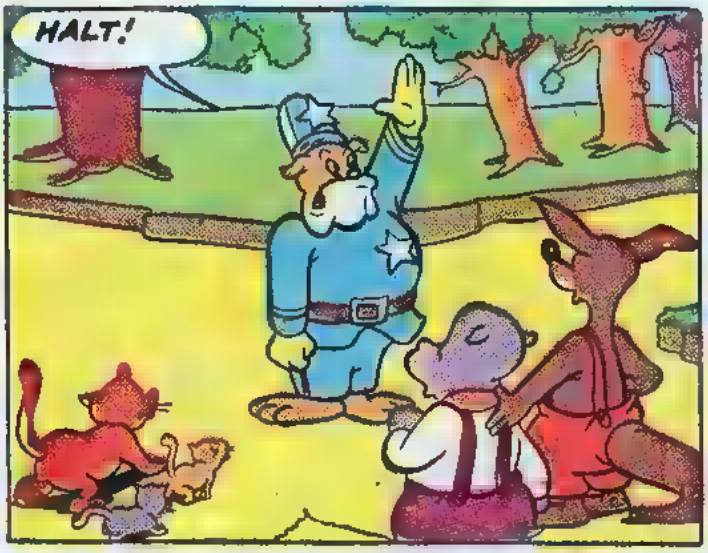

WHAT! I NEVER HEARD SUCH TALK! A GOOD SPANKING WILL TEACH YOU A LESSON!
BUT-BUT--

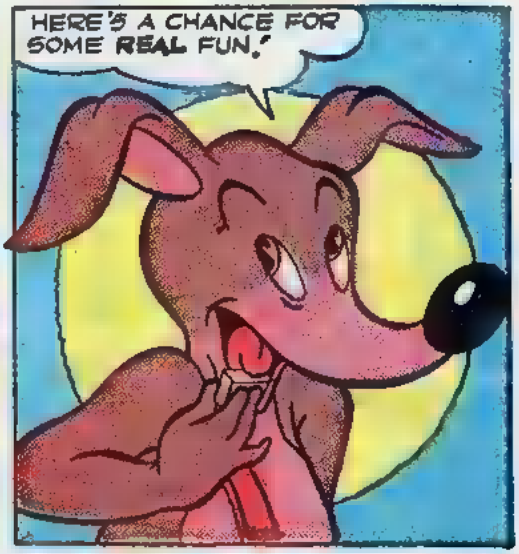

HAW-HAW! POOR HERBIE NEVER SAID A WORD! I JUST IMITATED HIS VOICE!

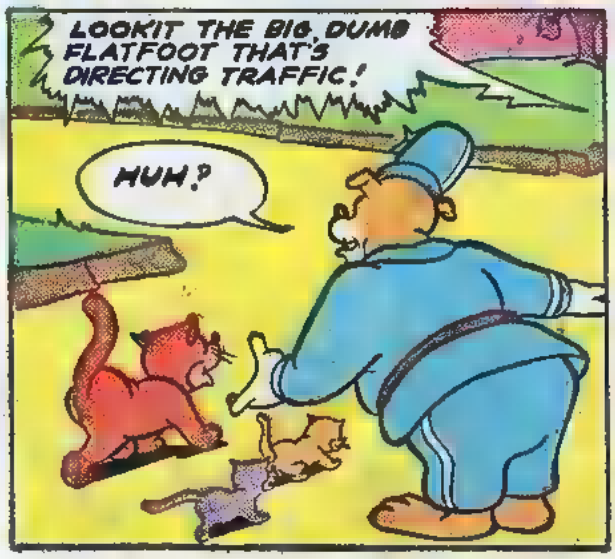
DON'T EVER LET ME HEAR YOU USE SUCH LANGUAGE AGAIN! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
Y-Y-YES!

I KNOW I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING! BUT I HEARD MY VOICE!
HELLO, HERBIE!

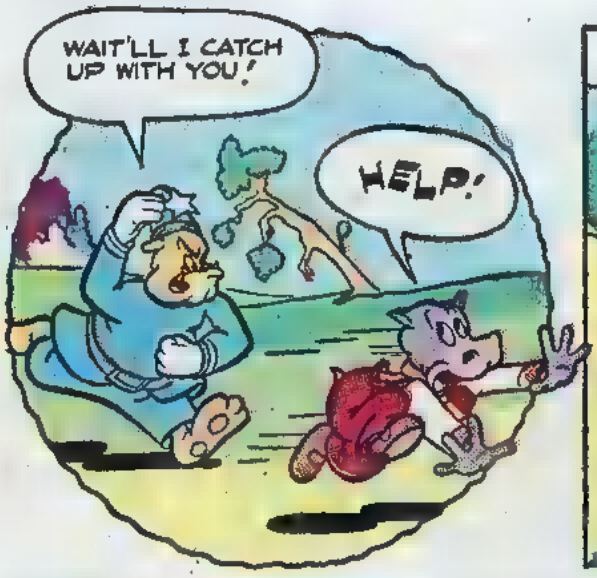

I HEAR YOU GOT A SPANKING! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
I WISH I KNEW!

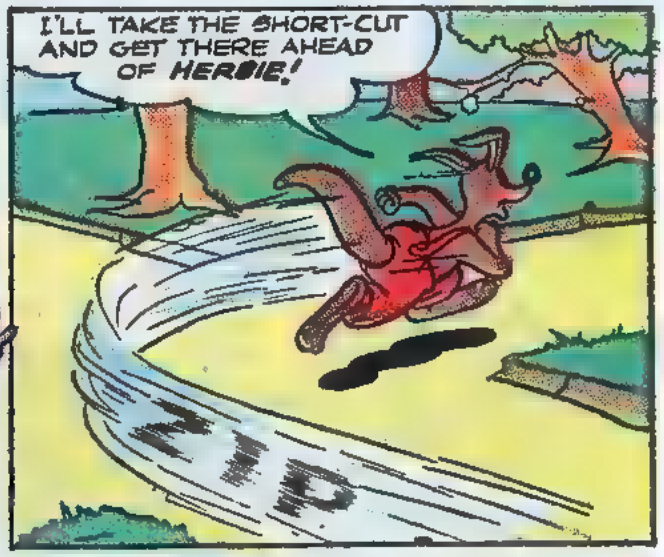

HALT!

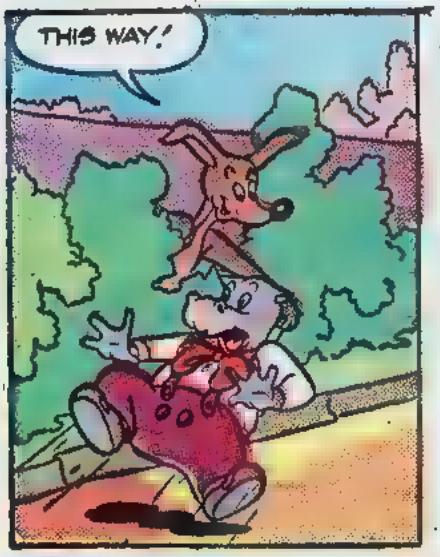

HERE'S A CHANCE FOR SOME REAL FUN!


LOOK IT THE BIG, DUMB FLATFOOT THAT'S DIRECTING TRAFFIC!
HUH?

A WISE GUY, HUH? I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID!
I D-DIDN'T SAY A WORD!

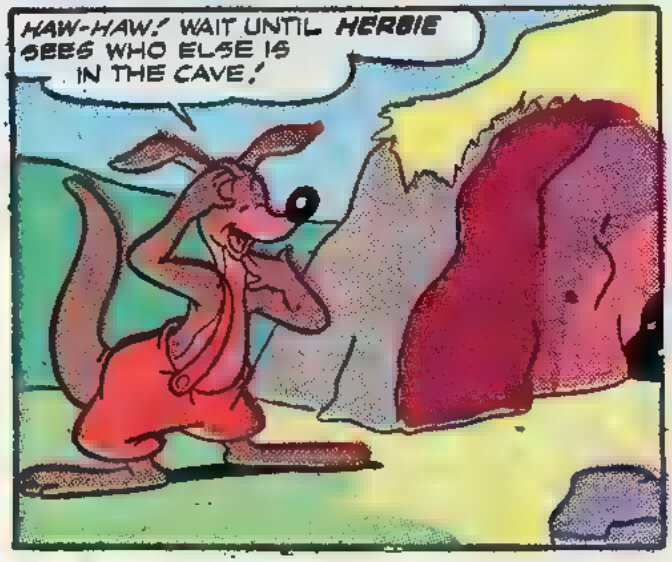

WAIT'LL I CATCH UP WITH YOU!
HELP!

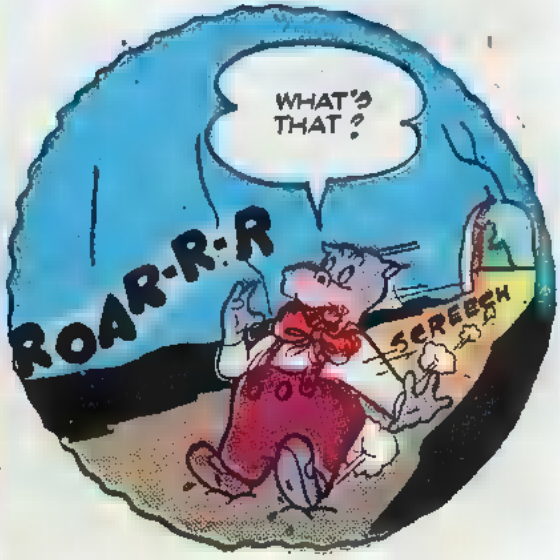

I'LL TAKE THE SHORT-CUT AND GET THERE AHEAD OF HERBIE!
ZIP

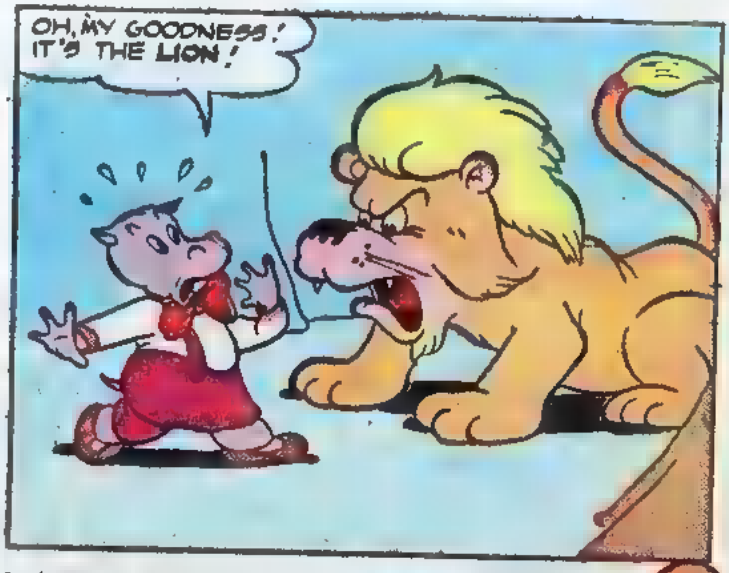

THIS WAY!

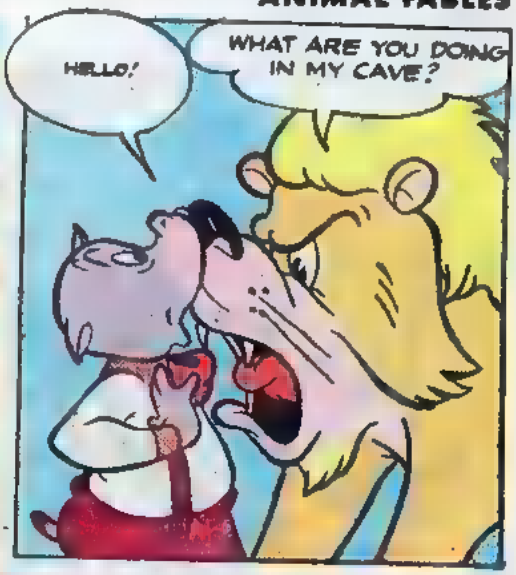
FOLLOW ME!

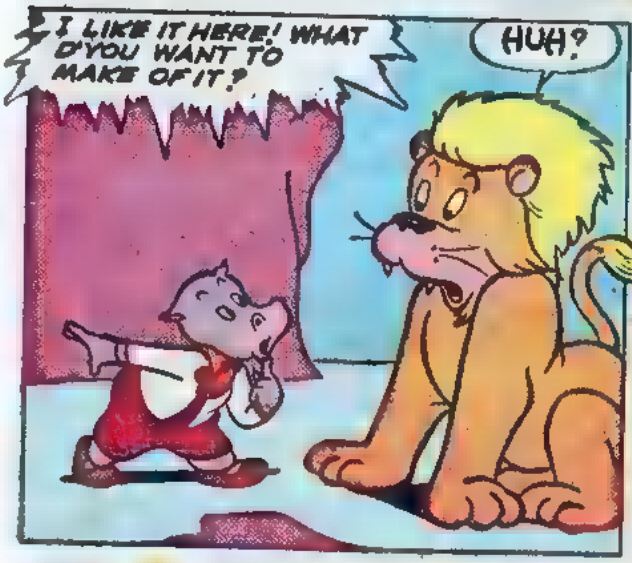
INTO THE CAVE! QUICK!
I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU FOR THIS, KORKY! YOU'RE A REAL FRIEND!


HAW-HAW! WAIT UNTIL HERBIE SEES WHO ELSE IS IN THE CAVE!

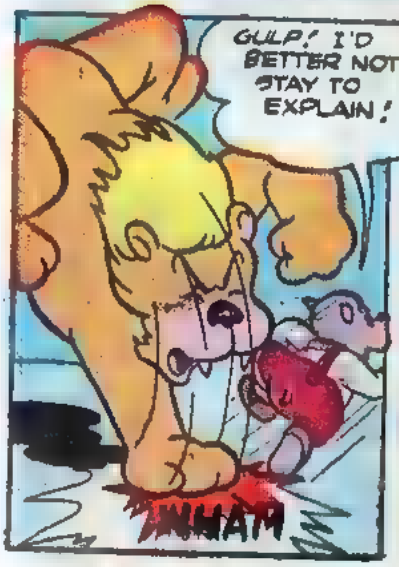

WHAT'S THAT?
ROAR-R-R
SCREECH


OH, MY GOODNESS! IT'S THE LION!


HELLO!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY CAVE?

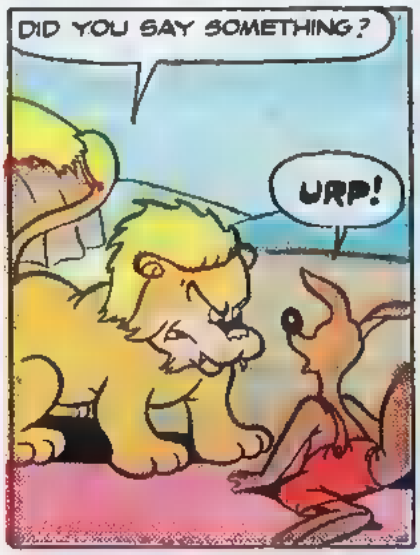

I LIKE IT HERE! WHAT D'YOU WANT TO MAKE OF IT?
HUH?

YOU CAN'T TALK THAT WAY TO ME!
BUT-BUT-I DIDN'T!

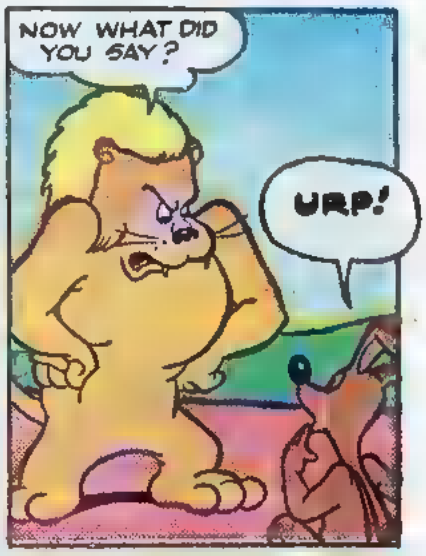

GULP! I'D BETTER NOT STAY TO EXPLAIN!
WHAM

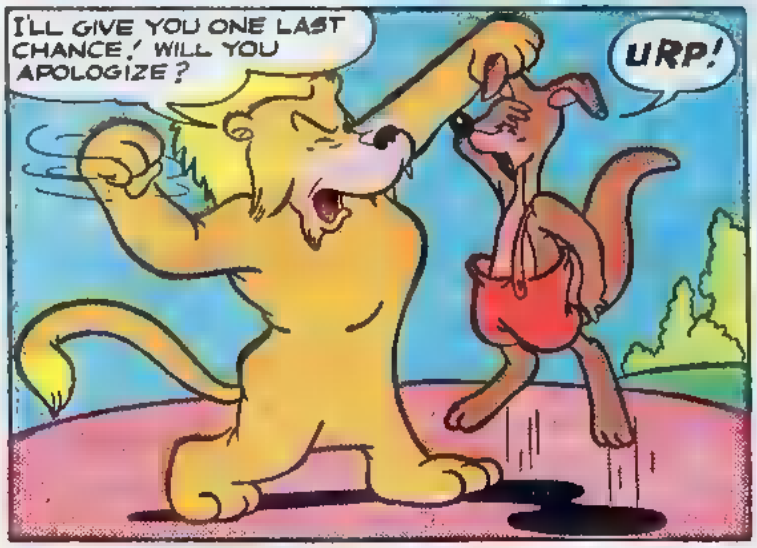
OUT OF MY WAY!
POW

I SWALLOWED THE VOICE-THROWER!
URP!

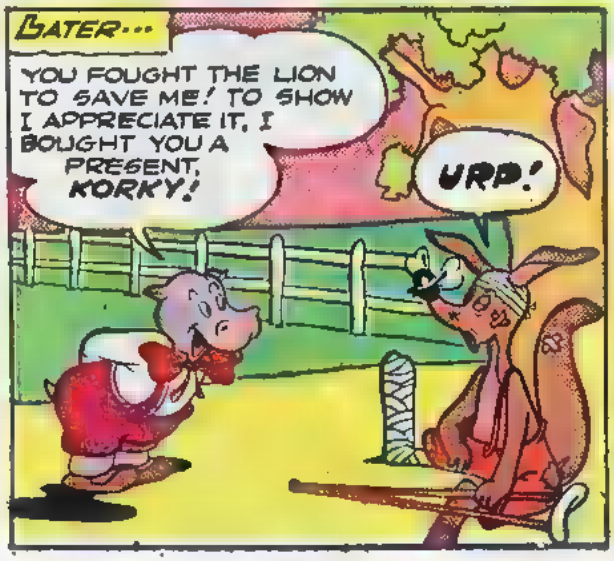

DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?
URP!

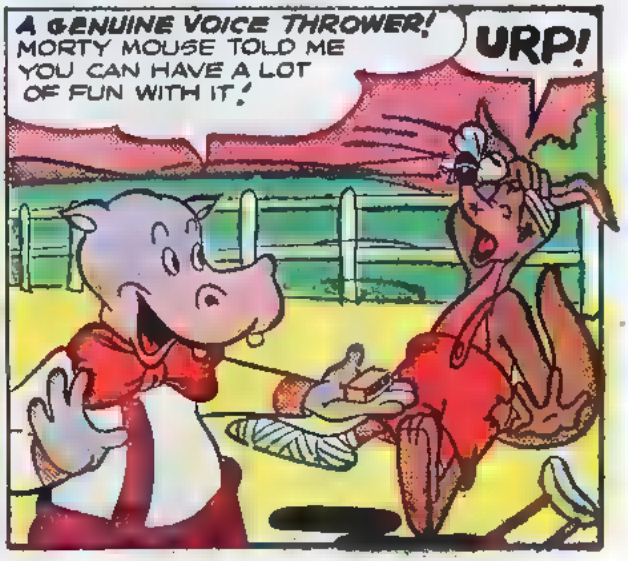
FOR YOUR SAKE, I HOPE YOU DIDN'T MEAN THAT! URP IS A DEADLY INSULT IN LION LANGUAGE!


NOW WHAT DID YOU SAY?
URP!


I'LL GIVE YOU ONE LAST CHANCE! WILL YOU APOLOGIZE?
URP!

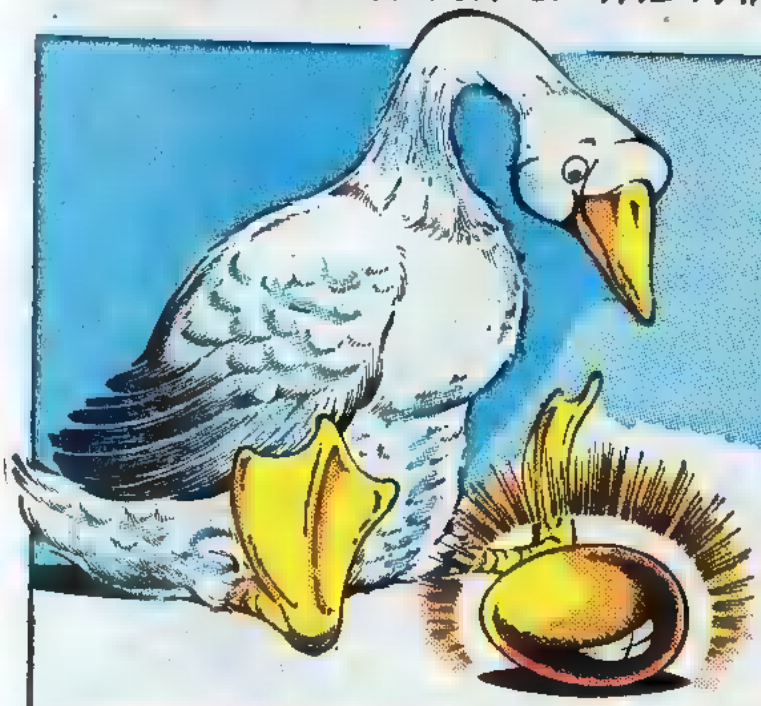
BAM!
SOCK
SLAM!


LATER...
YOU FOUGHT THE LION TO SAVE ME! TO SHOW I APPRECIATE IT, I BOUGHT YOU A PRESENT, KORKY!
URP!


A GENUINE VOICE THROWER! MORTY MOUSE TOLD ME YOU CAN HAVE A LOT OF FUN WITH IT!
URP!

THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS

A MODERN VERSION OF THE FAMOUS AESOP FABLE



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A VERY UNUSUAL GOOSE.

SHE LOOKED JUST LIKE EVERY OTHER GOOSE. HER NECK CURVED LIKE A GOOSE. HER FEET WERE WEBBED LIKE A GOOSE AND IN SIZE SHE WAS SOMEWHAT LARGER THAN A DUCK, AND SOMEWHAT SMALLER THAN A SWAN. WHICH IS JUST LIKE A GOOSE.

STILL, SHE WAS A VERY UNUSUAL GOOSE.

SHE LAID GOLDEN EGGS.

WHEN THE FARMER DISCOVERED THAT HE HAD A GOOSE WHO LAID GOLDEN EGGS, HE BECAME VERY FOND OF HER.

HE FED HER ONLY THE RAREST OF GOOSE-FOOD.

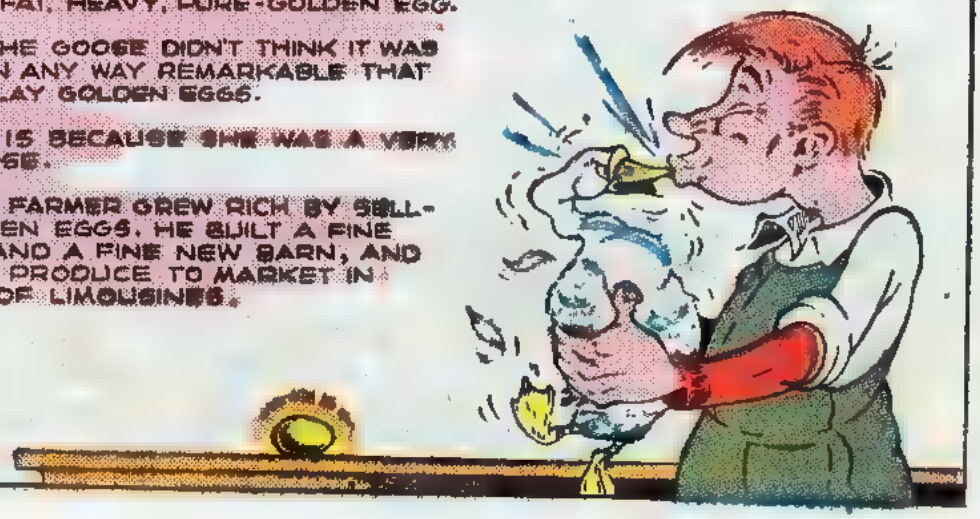
HE BUILT HER A NEST OF THE FINEST STRAW TO LAY HER GOLDEN EGGS IN.

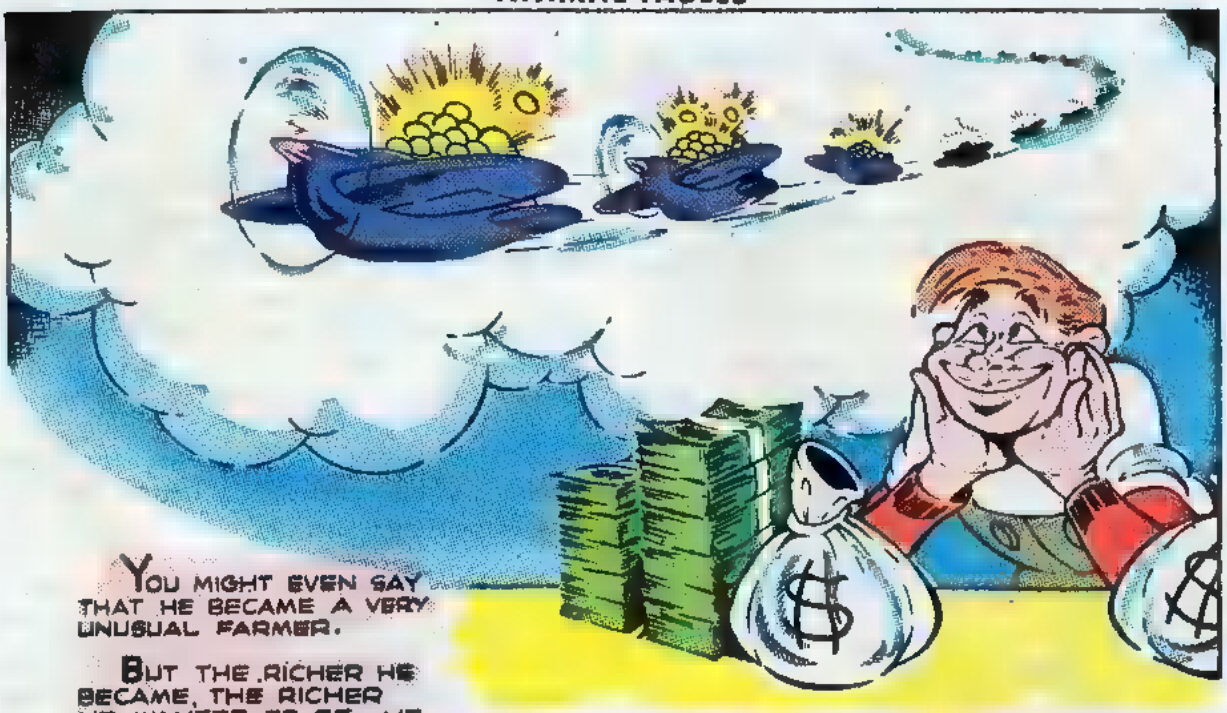
AND EVERY DAY THE GOOSE REPAID HIM BY LAYING A FAT, HEAVY, PURE-GOLDEN EGG.

IN FACT, THE GOOSE DIDN'T THINK IT WAS UNUSUAL OR IN ANY WAY REMARKABLE THAT SHE SHOULD LAY GOLDEN EGGS.

BUT THAT IS BECAUSE SHE WAS A VERY UNUSUAL GOOSE.

SOON THE FARMER GREW RICH BY SELLING THE GOLDEN EGGS. HE BUILT A FINE NEW HOUSE, AND A FINE NEW BARN, AND HE TOOK HIS PRODUCE TO MARKET IN THE FINEST OF LIMOUSINES.





YOU MIGHT EVEN SAY THAT HE BECAME A VERY UNUSUAL FARMER.

BUT THE RICHER HE BECAME, THE RICHER HE WANTED TO BE. HE WANTED AN EVEN FINER HOUSE, A BIGGER AND BETTER BARN. AND HE WANTED TO TAKE HIS PRODUCE TO MARKET IN A PRIVATE FLEET OF AEROPLANES.

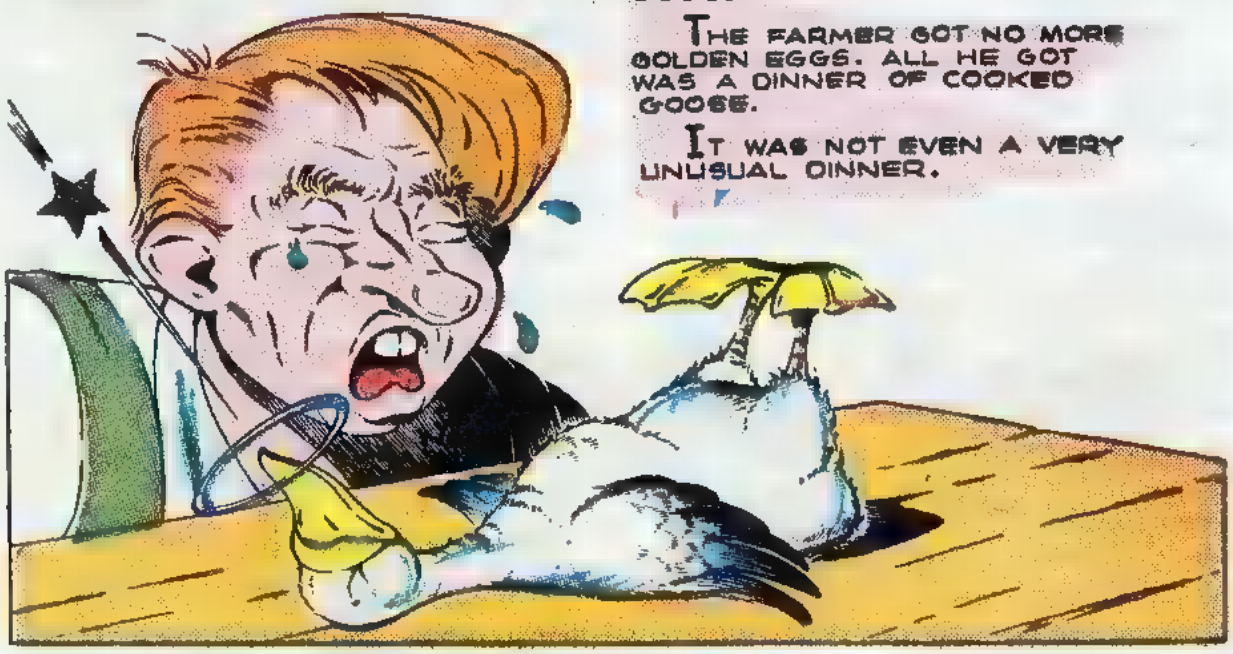
FINALLY HE DECIDED THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO GET ALL THE MONEY HE WANTED. HE WOULD KILL HIS GOOSE, AND TAKE ALL HER GOLDEN EGGS AT ONCE.

SO HE KILLED THE GOOSE.

BUT WHEN HE OPENED THE GOOSE, HE FOUND NO GOLDEN EGGS AT ALL. IN FACT, THE GOOSE WAS A VERY ORDINARY DEAD GOOSE.

THE FARMER GOT NO MORE GOLDEN EGGS. ALL HE GOT WAS A DINNER OF COOKED GOOSE.

IT WAS NOT EVEN A VERY UNUSUAL DINNER.



JIMMY DUGAN'S MAGIC HARP

ONCE upon a time there was a boy named James Aloysius Dugan who lived right in the middle of New York City, but who really belonged with the elves and leprechauns in County Cork, Ireland. That's because Jimmy's folks were Irish and had passed on to him a full set of Irish features. In fact, some of Jimmy's relatives still lived there. Which is how he came to get the harp.

Jimmy's Uncle Davey, who had a farm near Dublin, sent him the harp for his fourteenth birthday. It was an Irish harp — the kind one held in one's lap in order to play — but Jimmy didn't like it.

"Whatum I gonna do withan ol' harp?" he mumbled angrily.

"Shure . . . you're goin' to larn to *play* it, that's what!" answered his father.

"ME??" asked Jimmy unhappily.

"*YOU!!*" replied his father firmly. He was a very stern man.

So Jimmy learned to play the harp. He learned "Mother Machree" and "My Wild Irish Rose" and many other Irish melodies that brought tears of joy to his parents' eyes.

After a while Jimmy got used to the idea, and even began to like it. Until, that is, he tried to play "The Wearin' Of The Green." He was sitting on the roof of the apartment house where he lived. The sun was shining, and Jimmy sat with the harp on his lap watching the tugs steam busily up and down the East River, which was nearby. He raised his hand and strummed the opening bars of "The Wearin' Of The Green." Suddenly the harp rose from his lap and sailed into the air! It described several graceful arcs and a very neat "figure eight," and then settled quietly back on Jimmy's knees.

James Aloysius Dugan was dumbfounded —and it takes a lot to dumbfound the Dugans. Unable to believe what he saw, he strummed the same melody once again. The harp sailed aloft as before, frightened a sea-gull, looped-the-loop, and returned neatly to its resting place.

"Hullygosh! She's jet-propelled!" breathed Jimmy in amazement, "I'd better tell Captain Timothy about this!"

Captain Timothy was a tug-boat captain who spent most of his sea-faring days hauling coal barges up and down the East River. He was a good friend of Jimmy's, and had spent many hours telling him wonderful tales of the strange lands he had visited in days gone by.

When Jimmy came racing down to the dock, Captain Timothy was lounging on his tug-boat, enjoying a quiet pipe. Without a word, Jimmy sat down, put the harp on his lap, and started to play the fateful song. Once more the harp zoomed aloft and did its little sky dance.

Jimmy looked at Captain Timothy expectantly and waited for his exclamations of surprise, but Captain Timothy went right on smoking his pipe.

"Reminds me of a harp I once picked up in Karachi, India," he said quietly.

"Hullygosh!" shouted Jimmy, "you mean you had one like this, too?"

"Yup . . . except that mine only flew to 'Danny Boy,'" replied the Captain.

The old mariner re-lit his pipe.

"I brought it back to the states with me," he continued, "but we ran into a very cold winter that year, and I think one night it

just picked itself up and headed south with a flock of geese that were goin' by . . ."

Jimmy looked worried.

"Gee," he mumbled, "if I ever lost *this* harp my pa would raise heck with me. I got it for my birthday and it's supposed to be very valuable. I know he'd never believe me if I told him it flew away! And—gulp—in another month or two the weather's gonna be gettin' *colder!*"

"Well, harp's like this'n has got very independent speerits," said Captain Tim, "and that's why they flies in the first place. But mebbe you can train it to stay in New York."

In the weeks that followed, Jimmy played his harp regularly. His parents enjoyed sitting in their little parlour during the twilight hours of the day and listening to the soft sad strains of the little instrument. Jimmy was always careful not to play "The Wearin' Of The Green." Sometimes his father would ask for it, but Jimmy always pretended that he hadn't learned the song properly and was still practising.

Whenever they could, Jimmy and Captain Timothy would put out into the river where nobody could disturb them, and watch the harp in its graceful flights. They tried other songs, to see if any had the proper lifting power. The harp shimmied a bit on "Did Your Mother Come From Ireland?" and jumped feebly to "Macushla" but there was only one melody which really made it soar. Hour on hour it would skim across the water, climbing steeply up up up up — and then, banking sharply, it would dive straight as an arrow toward the little tug, levelling off at the very last second.

"Durn fool's gonna bust a string, buzzing us like that!" Captain Timothy used to mutter, but he really enjoyed it very much.

The weather, meanwhile, was getting steadily colder, and as the days went by Jimmy grew more and more worried. He could tell, by the way that the harp was acting, that it might at any time decide to fly away to a warmer climate. He stopped playing "The Wearin' Of The Green," but even that didn't make him feel very much better. When a flying harp decided to go south for the winter, there was very little way, really, to hold it back.

"Somehow," said Captain Timothy with a wise nod, "they arrange it . . ."

People in New York had begun to go about in heavy overcoats, and one morning, when Jimmy woke up, he saw that there had been a light fall of snow. Frantic with fear, Jimmy rushed into the parlour where the harp was kept. He had a strange feeling that it had flown away, and that a terrible beating was in store for him.

When he came through the door, however, he saw his father, in his nightshirt, standing at the window. There was a strange, wild look in his eyes, as if he had seen something completely unbelievable. He turned frightenedly toward Jimmy.

"Er—ah—uh—your harp, Jimmy me lad. Er—it's too bad, but last night I think a good-fer-nothin' burglar broke into the house an—an—stole it! You can—gulp—s-see fer yerself that it's gone!"

Jimmy looked at the cupboard and, sure enough, the harp was missing. Then he looked at his frightened father, and finally shot a glance out of the window. High up in the sky—right where his father had been looking—Jimmy saw a string of geese heading south. At the tail end of the procession was a small, glittering object which looked just like Jimmy's harp.

As they stood silently in the little room Jimmy and his father could hear, coming from a great great distance, the faint but lovely strains of "The Wearin' Of The Green."

THE FOX and the CROW

A MODERN VERSION OF THE FAMOUS AESOP FABLE

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A FOOLISH AND VAIN CROW NAMED GEORGE. HE THOUGHT HE WAS THE MOST WONDERFUL CROW NAMED GEORGE THAT HAD EVER BEEN BORN. HE EVEN THOUGHT HE WAS BETTER THAN ALL THE CROWS WHO WEREN'T NAMED GEORGE, OF WHOM THERE WERE QUITE A FEW.

ONE DAY GEORGE FOUND A LARGE AND TASTY SLICE OF CHEESE. HE TOOK IT IN HIS BEAK AND FLEW TO THE BRANCH OF A NEARBY TREE. WHILE HE SAT THERE, TRYING TO DECIDE WHERE TO TAKE HIS DELICIOUS PRIZE, HIS FRIEND THE FOX CAME ALONG. THE FOX'S NAME WAS ALSO GEORGE.

"GOOD AFTERNOON," SAID GEORGE THE FOX.

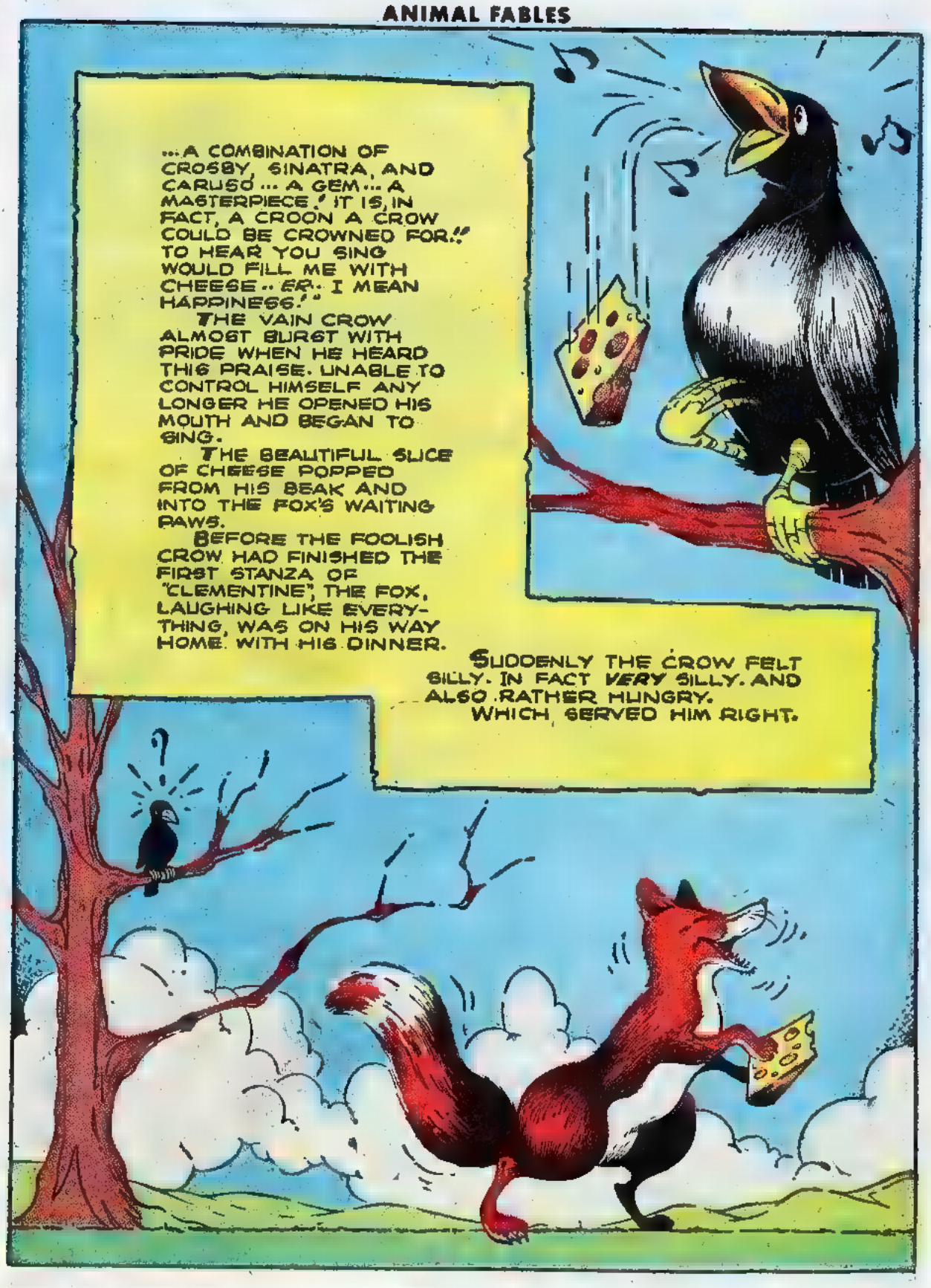
"GLMMF GLMMBPH," SAID GEORGE THE CROW. HE WAS UNABLE TO OPEN HIS MOUTH BECAUSE HE WAS HOLDING THE CHEESE IN HIS BEAK AND WAS AFRAID TO DROP IT.

THE FOX WHO WAS MUCH SMARTER THAN THE CROW, SAW THIS IMMEDIATELY. BEING RATHER HUNGRY, HE DECIDED TO ACQUIRE THE CHEESE FOR HIMSELF.

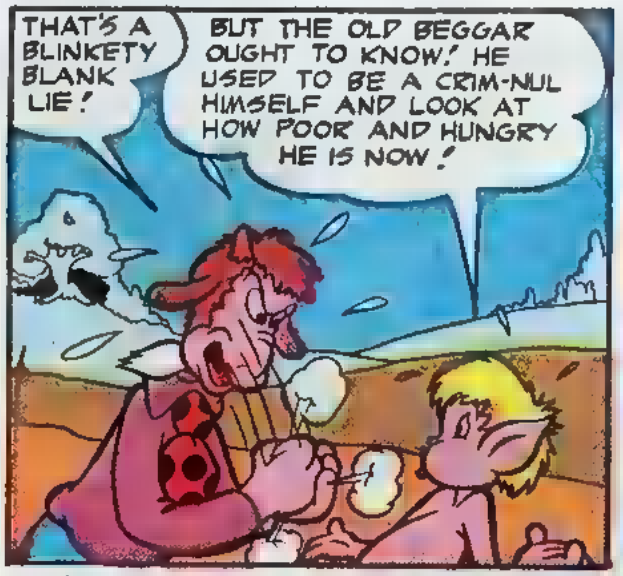
"IT'S REALLY A SHAME", SAID GEORGE ON THE GROUND TO THE GEORGE IN THE TREE, "THAT YOUR MOUTH IS FULL OF CHEESE. YOU HAVE SUCH A MAGNIFICENT VOICE THAT I WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO HEAR YOU SING."

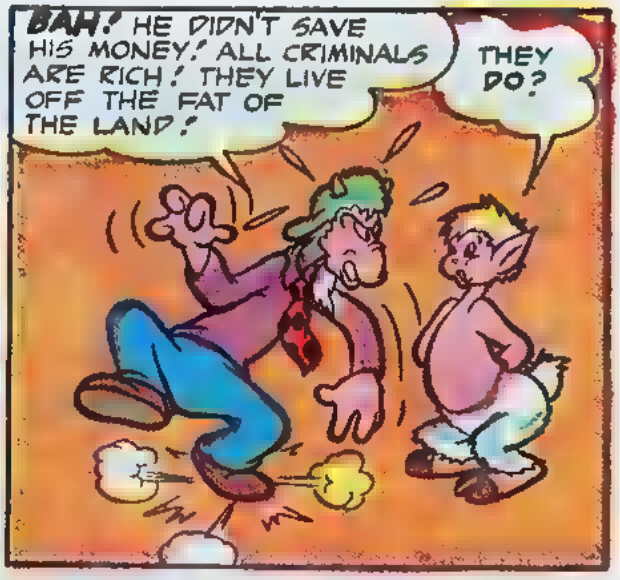
THE CROW'S CHEST SWELLED WITH PRIDE, AND HE NODDED HIS HEAD IN AGREEMENT.

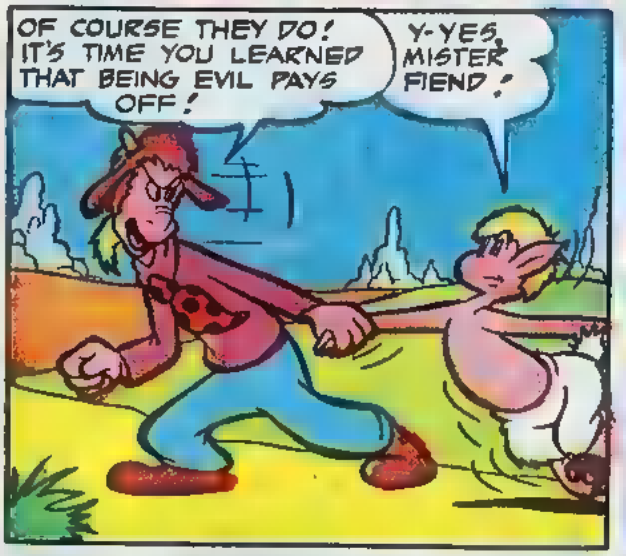
"YES, INDEED", CONTINUED THE FOX, "A VOICE LIKE YOURS IS VERY RARE. IT IS STUPENDOUS, COLOSSAL, TERRIFIC ...

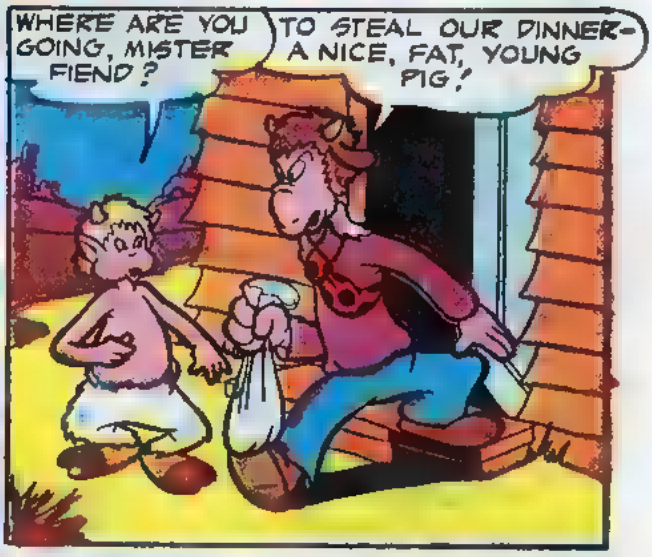

...A COMBINATION OF CROSBY, SINATRA, AND CARUSO ... A GEM ... A MASTERPIECE.' IT IS, IN FACT, A CROON A CROW COULD BE CROWNED FOR!! TO HEAR YOU SING WOULD FILL ME WITH CHEESE .. ER .. I MEAN HAPPINESS!"
THE VAIN CROW ALMOST BURST WITH PRIDE WHEN HE HEARD THIS PRAISE. UNABLE TO CONTROL HIMSELF ANY LONGER HE OPENED HIS MOUTH AND BEGAN TO SING.
THE BEAUTIFUL SLICE OF CHEESE POPPED FROM HIS BEAK AND INTO THE FOX'S WAITING PAWS.
BEFORE THE FOOLISH CROW HAD FINISHED THE FIRST STANZA OF "CLEMENTINE", THE FOX, LAUGHING LIKE EVERYTHING, WAS ON HIS WAY HOME WITH HIS DINNER.
SUDDENLY THE CROW FELT SILLY. IN FACT VERY SILLY. AND ALSO RATHER HUNGRY. WHICH SERVED HIM RIGHT.
?

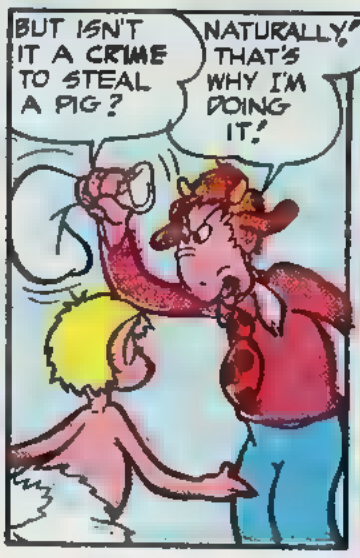
LITTLE
Danny Demon
IF YOU STEAL FIVE ORANGES AND FIVE APPLES, HOW MUCH WILL YOU GET?
TEN YEARS AT HARD LABOR!
HERE YOU ARE, SIR!
BLESS YOU, SON! LISTEN TO MY WORDS OF WISDOM! IT'S ADVICE THAT WILL MORE THAN REPAY YOU FOR YOUR PENNIES!
HMF! WHAT KIND OF ADVICE CAN A POOR OLD BEGGAR GIVE THAT'S WORTH ANYTHING?
WHAT DID HE TELL YOU?
HE'S A WISE OLD MAN ...
HE TOLD ME TO REMEMBER THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY!
WHAT?


THAT'S A BLINKETY BLANK LIE!
BUT THE OLD BEGGAR OUGHT TO KNOW! HE USED TO BE A CRIM-NUL HIMSELF AND LOOK AT HOW POOR AND HUNGRY HE IS NOW!

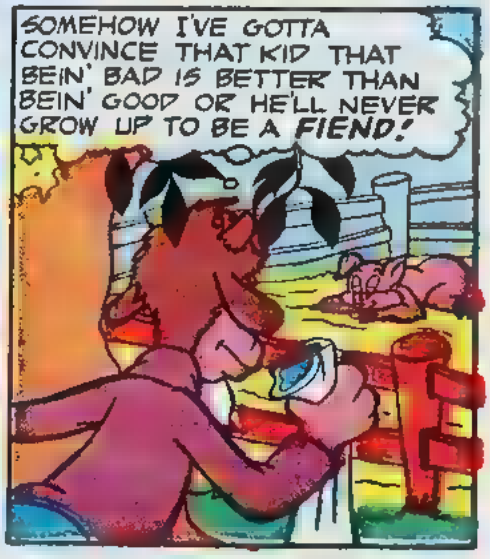

BAH! HE DIDN'T SAVE HIS MONEY! ALL CRIMINALS ARE RICH! THEY LIVE OFF THE FAT OF THE LAND!
THEY DO?

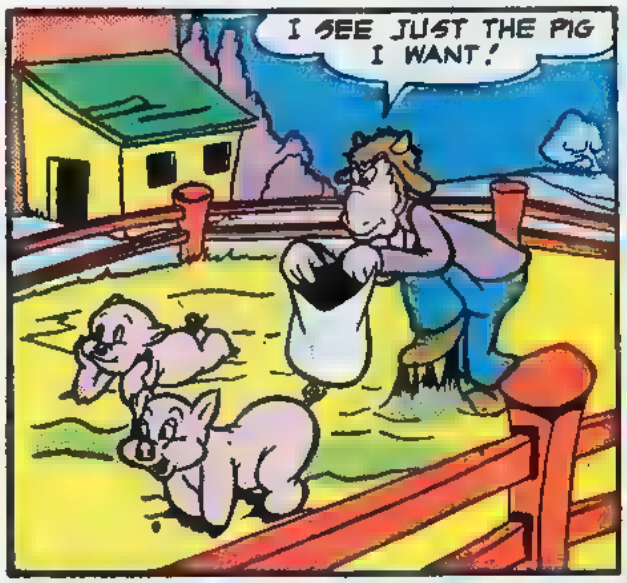

OF COURSE THEY DO! IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED THAT BEING EVIL PAYS OFF!
Y-YES, MISTER FIEND!

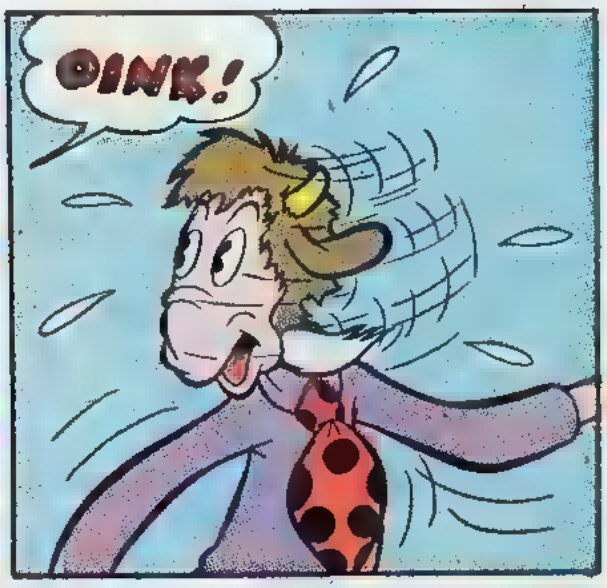

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MISTER FIEND?
TO STEAL OUR DINNER— A NICE, FAT, YOUNG PIG!

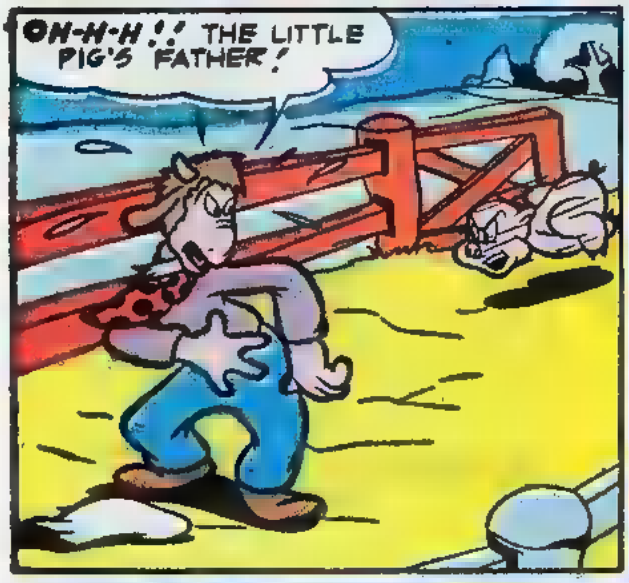

BUT ISN'T IT A CRIME TO STEAL A PIG?
NATURALLY! THAT'S WHY I'M DOING IT!

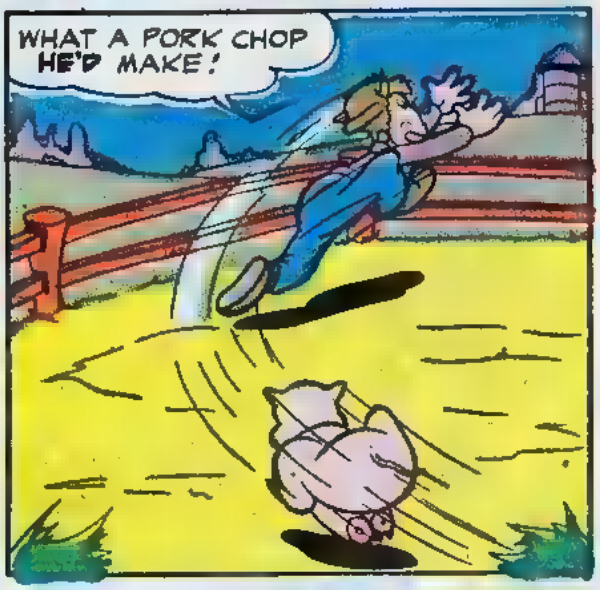
WHEN WE EAT A NICE YOUNG PIG FOR DINNER, YOU'LL SEE THAT CRIME PAYS!

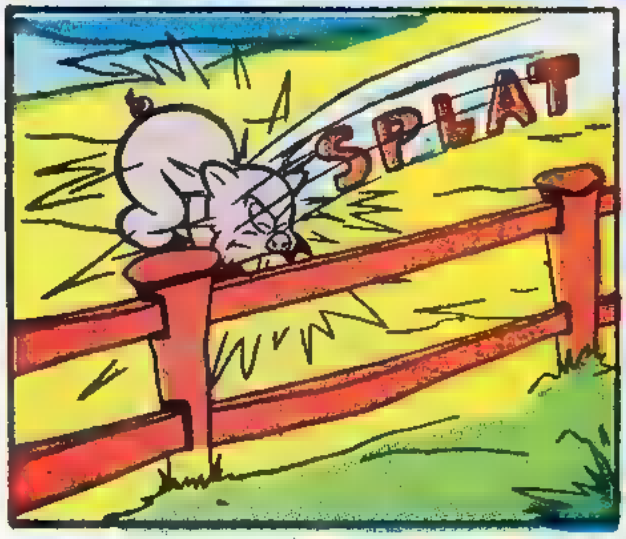

SOMEHOW I'VE GOTTA CONVINCE THAT KID THAT BEIN' BAD IS BETTER THAN BEIN' GOOD OR HE'LL NEVER GROW UP TO BE A FIEND!

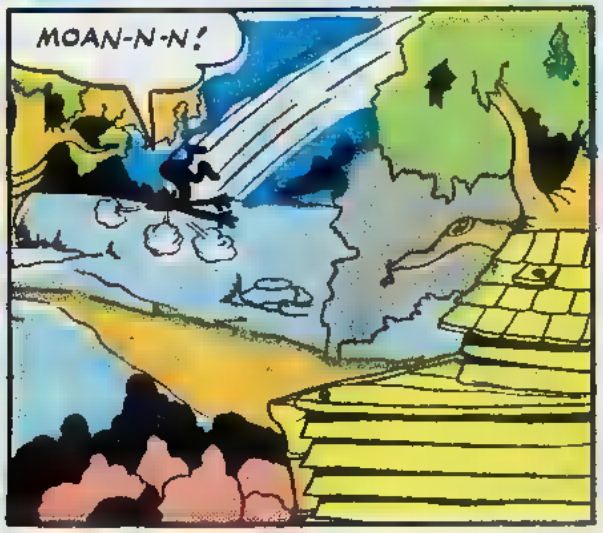

I SEE JUST THE PIG I WANT!

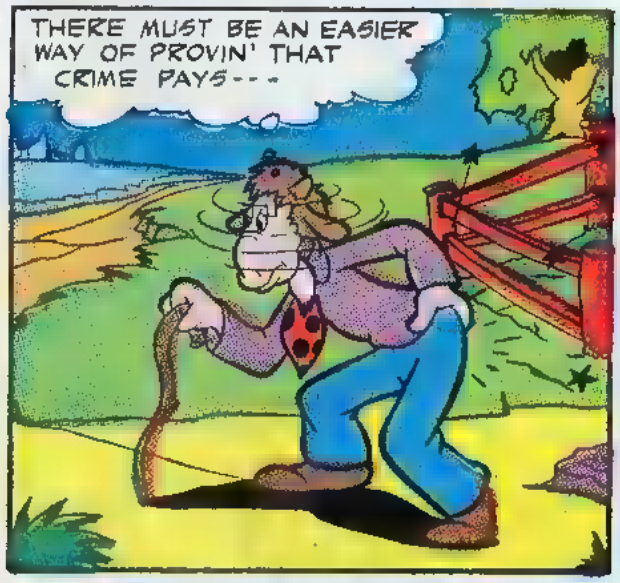

OINK!

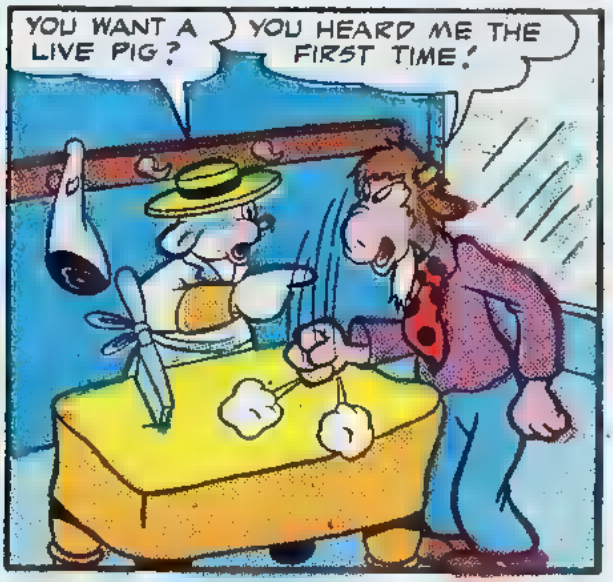

OH-H-H!! THE LITTLE PIG'S FATHER!

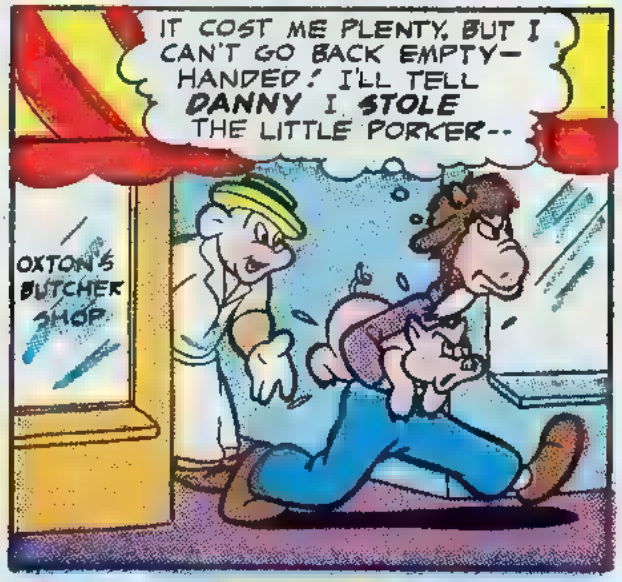

WHAT A PORK CHOP HE'D MAKE!

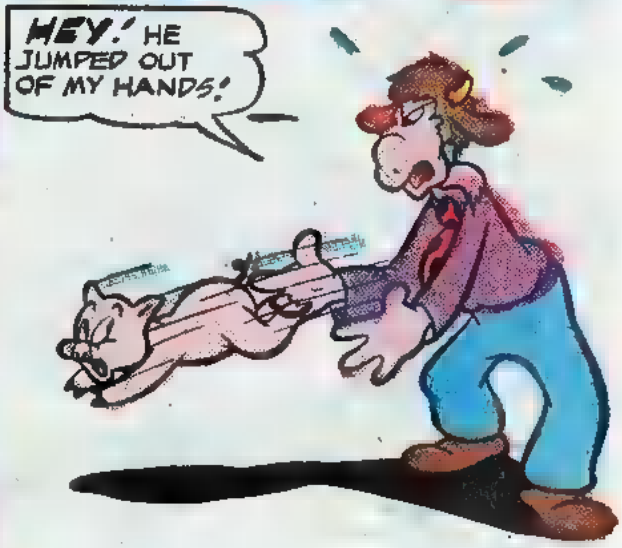

SPLAT

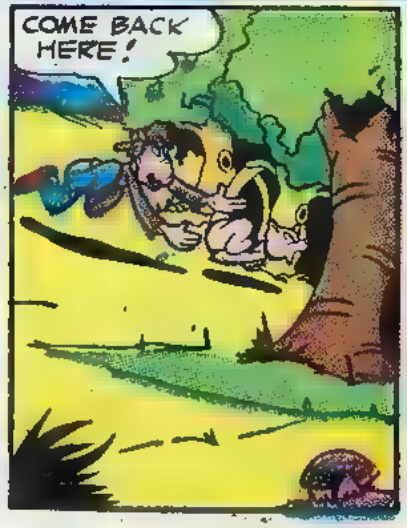

MOAN-N-N!

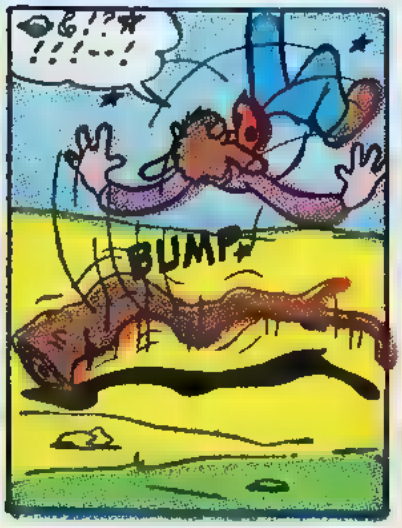

THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY OF PROVIN' THAT CRIME PAYS---


YOU WANT A LIVE PIG?
YOU HEARD ME THE FIRST TIME!

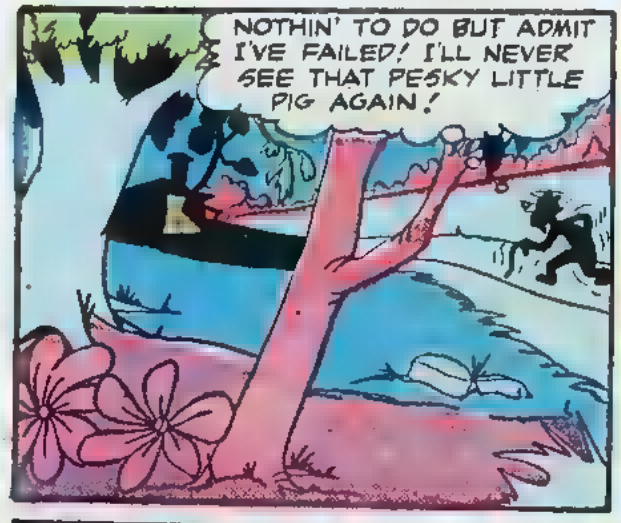

IT COST ME PLENTY, BUT I CAN'T GO BACK EMPTY-HANDED! I'LL TELL DANNY I STOLE THE LITTLE PORKER--
OXTON'S BUTCHER SHOP

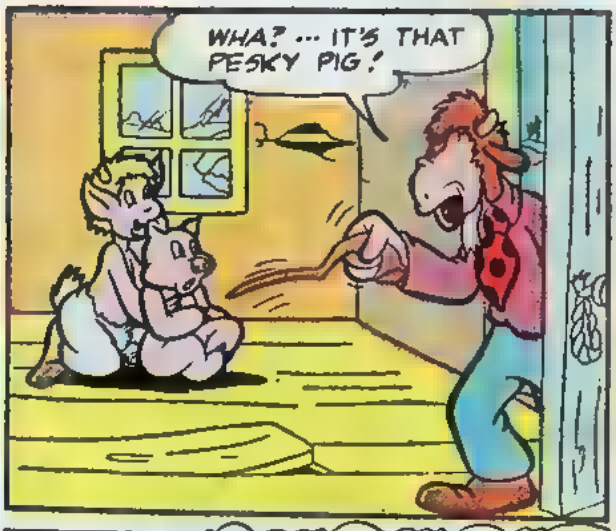

HEY! HE JUMPED OUT OF MY HANDS!

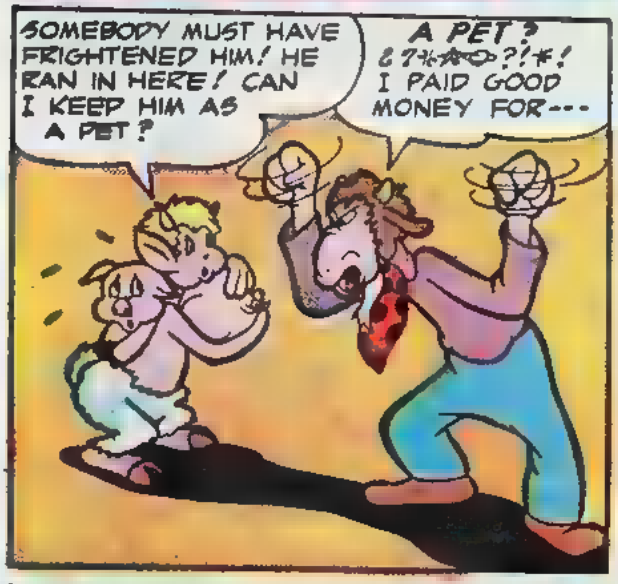

COME BACK HERE!


!!!--!
BUMP

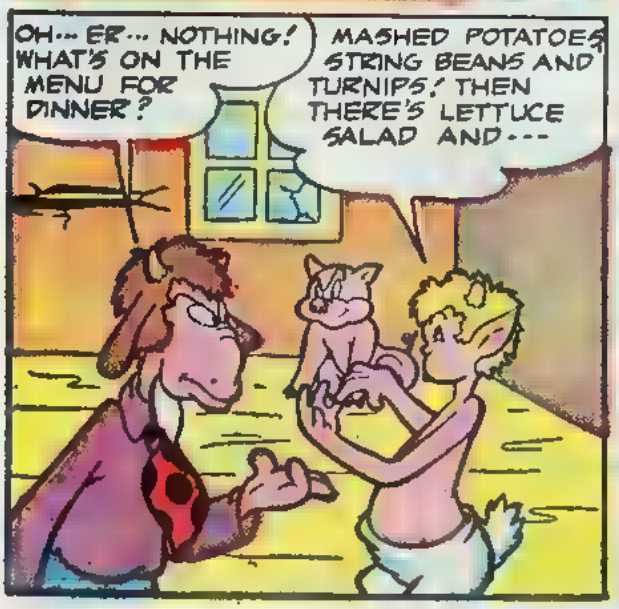
BAH! I WISH THAT LITTLE PIG HAD NEVER GONE TO MARKET!

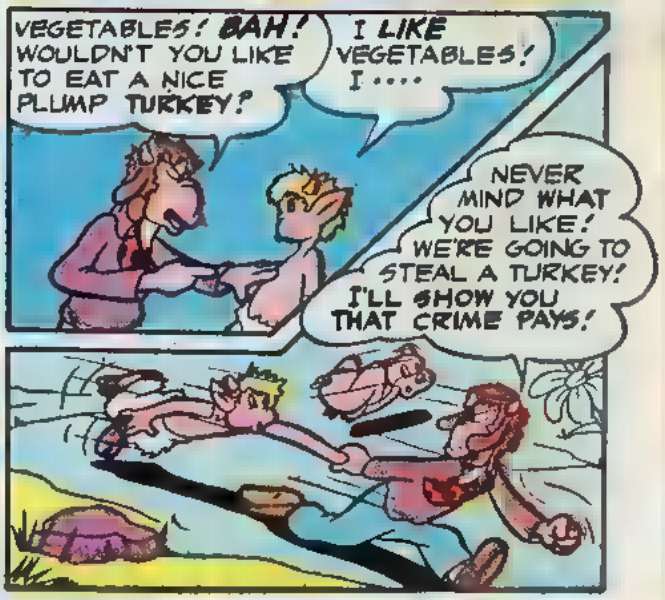

NOTHIN' TO DO BUT ADMIT I'VE FAILED! I'LL NEVER SEE THAT PESKY LITTLE PIG AGAIN!


WHA? ... IT'S THAT PESKY PIG!

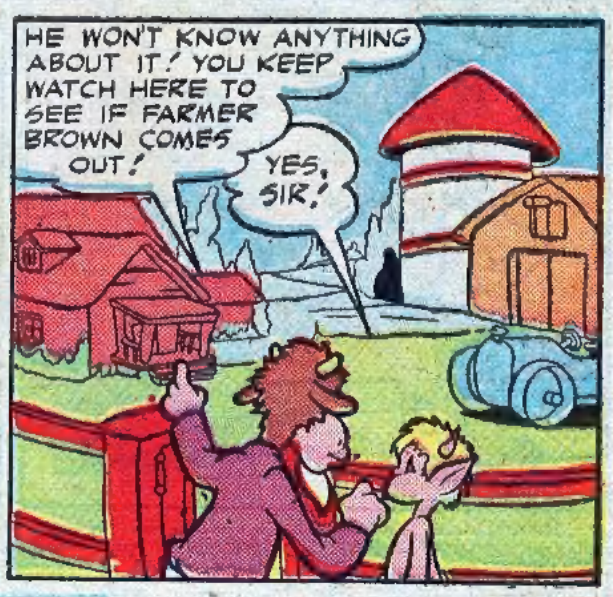

SOMEBODY MUST HAVE FRIGHTENED HIM! HE RAN IN HERE! CAN I KEEP HIM AS A PET?
A PET? ¿?%@?!#! I PAID GOOD MONEY FOR---

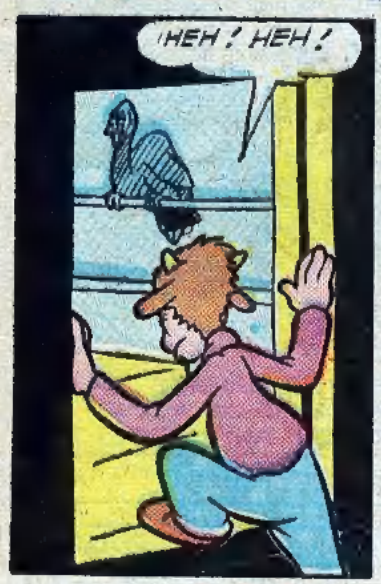
WHAT DID YOU PAY FOR?
HE'LL NEVER BELIEVE I STOLE THAT PIG NOW! I CAN'T TELL HIM I BOUGHT IT, EITHER!

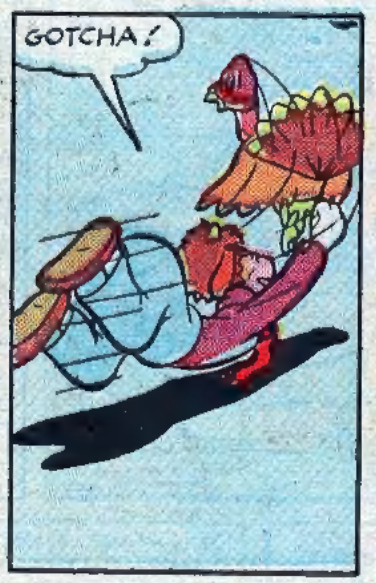

OH--- ER--- NOTHING! WHAT'S ON THE MENU FOR DINNER?
MASHED POTATOES, STRING BEANS AND TURNIPS! THEN THERE'S LETTUCE SALAD AND---


VEGETABLES! BAH! WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO EAT A NICE PLUMP TURKEY?
I LIKE VEGETABLES! I....
NEVER MIND WHAT YOU LIKE! WE'RE GOING TO STEAL A TURKEY! I'LL SHOW YOU THAT CRIME PAYS!

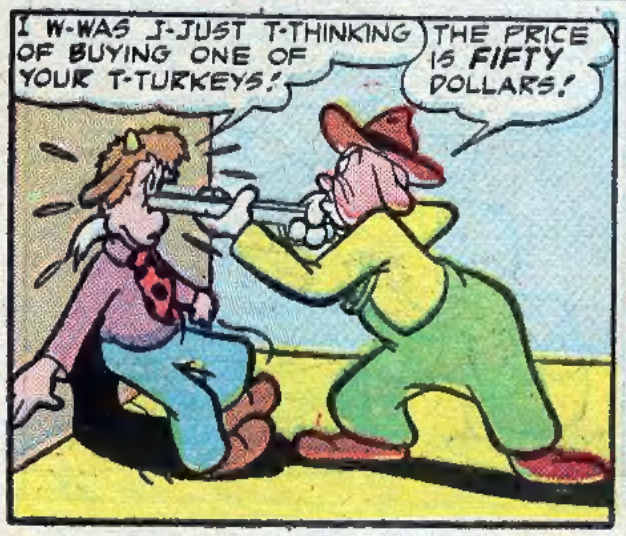
FARMER BROWN HAS PLENTY OF FAT TURKEYS! WE'LL STEAL ONE FOR OUR SUPPER!
WON'T FARMER BROWN OBJECT?


HE WON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT! YOU KEEP WATCH HERE TO SEE IF FARMER BROWN COMES OUT!
YES, SIR!

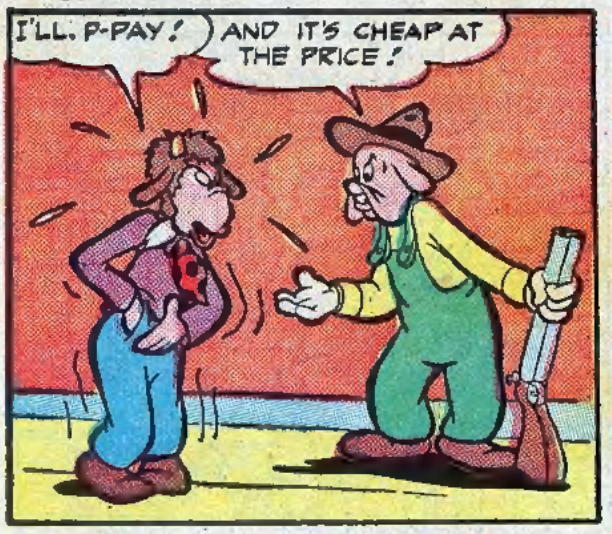

HEH! HEH!


GOTCHA!

AHEM!
F-FARMER BROWN! HE WAS IN HERE ALL THE TIME!


I W-WAS J-JUST T-THINKING OF BUYING ONE OF YOUR T-TURKEYS!
THE PRICE IS FIFTY DOLLARS!

BUT TURKEYS COST ONLY FIVE DOLLARS!
YOU'RE PAYING THE REST TO KEEP YOUR HIDE FROM BEIN' PUNCTURED WITH BUCK-SHOT! IS IT A DEAL?


I'LL, P-PAY!
AND IT'S CHEAP AT THE PRICE!

HAVE A NICE TURKEY DINNER! HA-HA!
BAH!

BUYIN' THIS !&#0!? TURKEY CLEANED ME OUT! I HAVEN'T GOT A CENT LEFT! BUT AT LEAST WE'LL EAT GOOD!

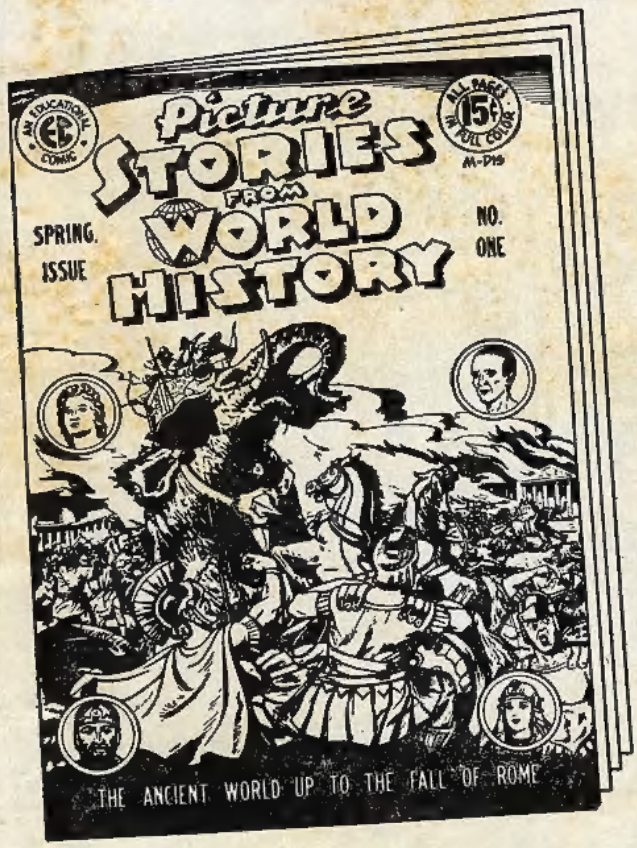
GOSH, YOU STOLE AN AWFUL BIG TURKEY, MISTER FIEND!
IT WAS EASY! DON'T EVER MAKE THE MISTAKE OF THINKING THAT CRIME DOESN'T... (GULP)... PAY!

DINNERTIME...
WHO WANTS VEGETABLES, WHEN WE GOT A PIG AND A TURKEY? BRING 'EM OUT!
BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT A PIG OR A TURKEY ANY MORE..

I SOLD 'EM AND GAVE THE MONEY TO THE BLIND OLD BEGGAR!
WHAT?

YOU SAID THERE AREN'T ANY POOR CRIM'NULS! AND SOMEBODY HAD TO PROVE TO HIM THAT 'CRIME PAYS! HE WASN'T CONVINCED — BUT HE WAS AWFULLY GRATEFUL!
The End

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!



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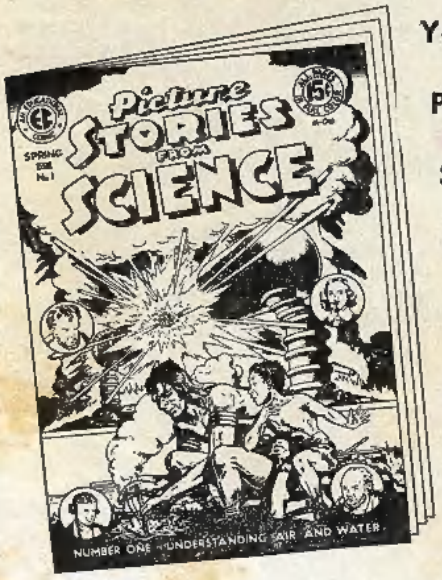

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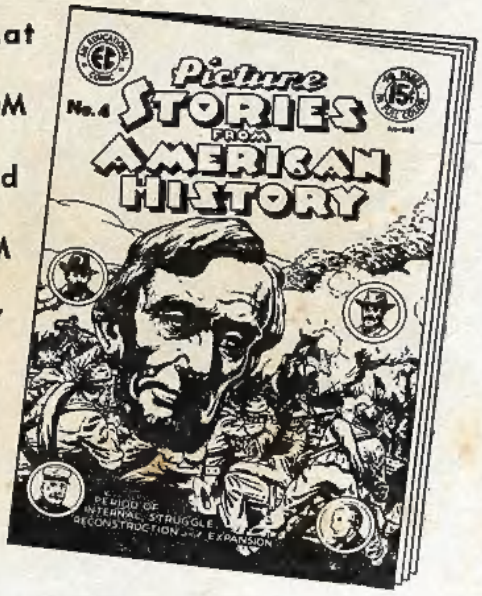

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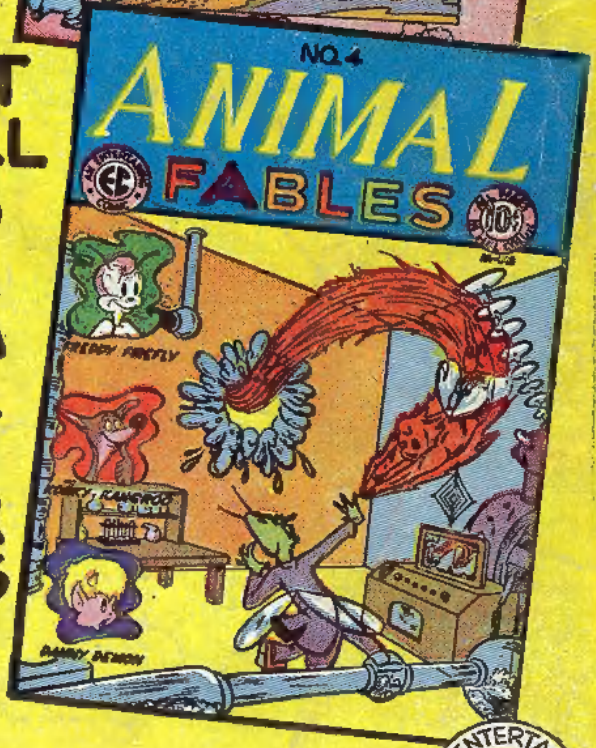

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